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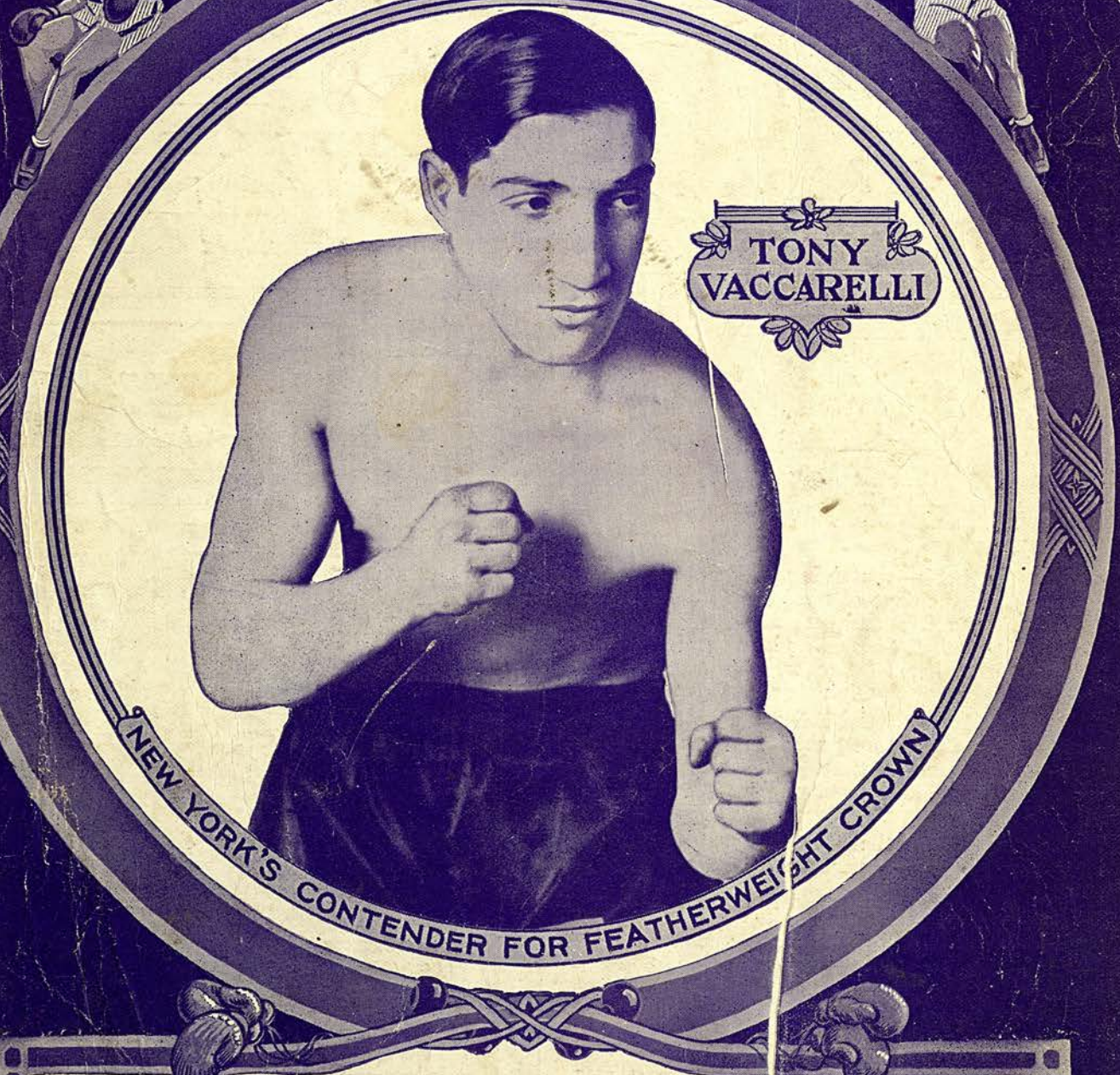

EXECUTIVE OFFICES
91 SEVENTH AVENUE
New York City, N. Y.

SEPTEMBER, 1924
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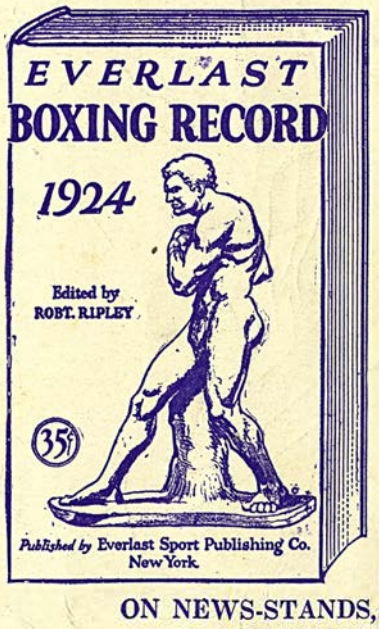

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Vol. 3 No. 8

World's Foremost

The RING

Boxing Magazine

SEPTEMBER, 1924

15 cents per copy
20 cents in Canada

Published Monthly
Business and Editorial Offices:
91 Seventh Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

$1.50 per year

NAT. S. FLEISCHER, President and Editor
A. D. PHILLIPS, Secretary and Treasurer

The entire contents and photos of this magazine are copyrighted and must not be used without permission.

All mail should be addressed to 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City
Associate Editors: Francis Albertanti, Jack Kofoed, A. D. Phillips and Jack Skelly
Entered as second class matter March 3, 1922, at the post office at New York, New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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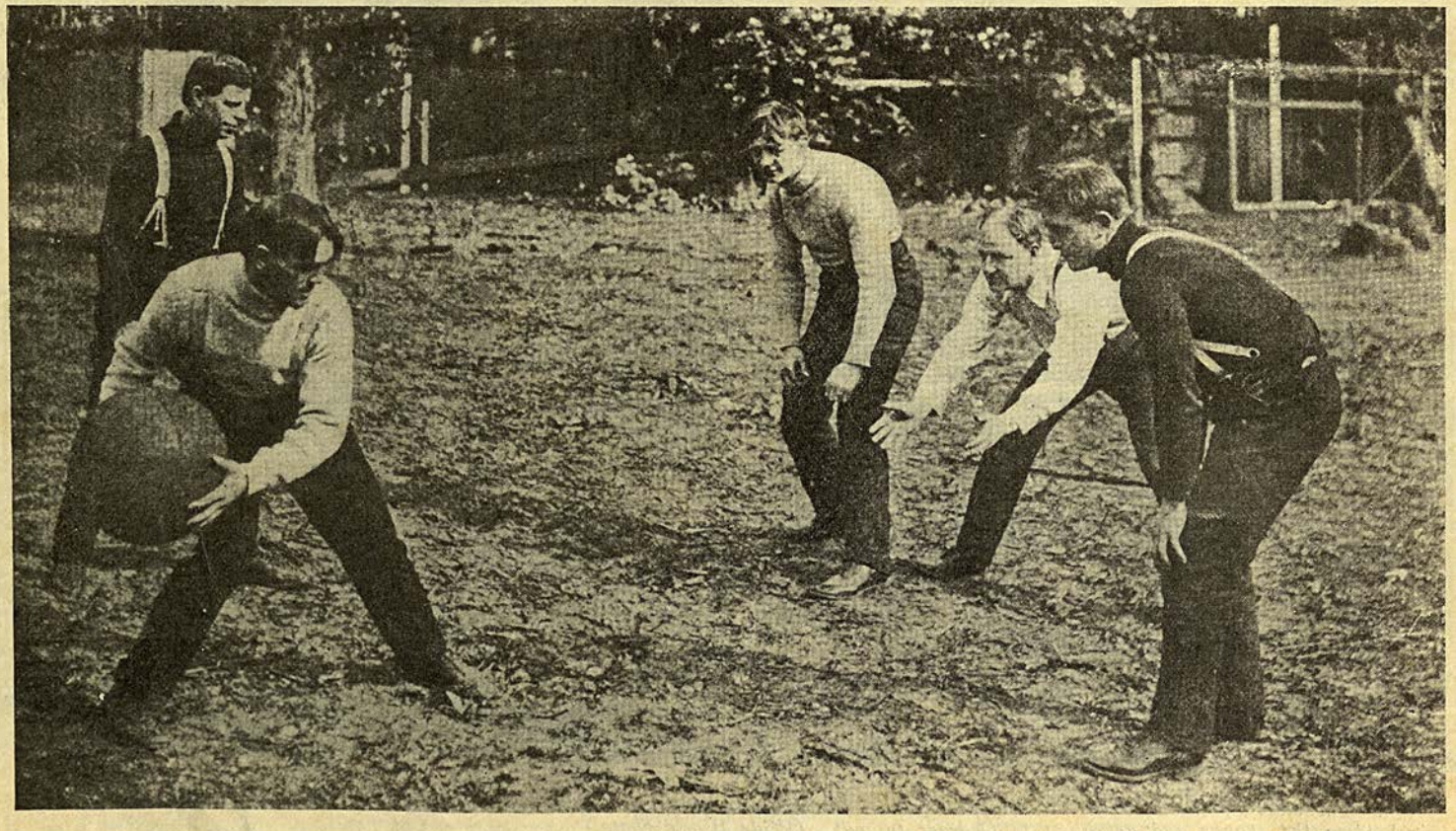
How "Terrible Terry" Got Into Condition



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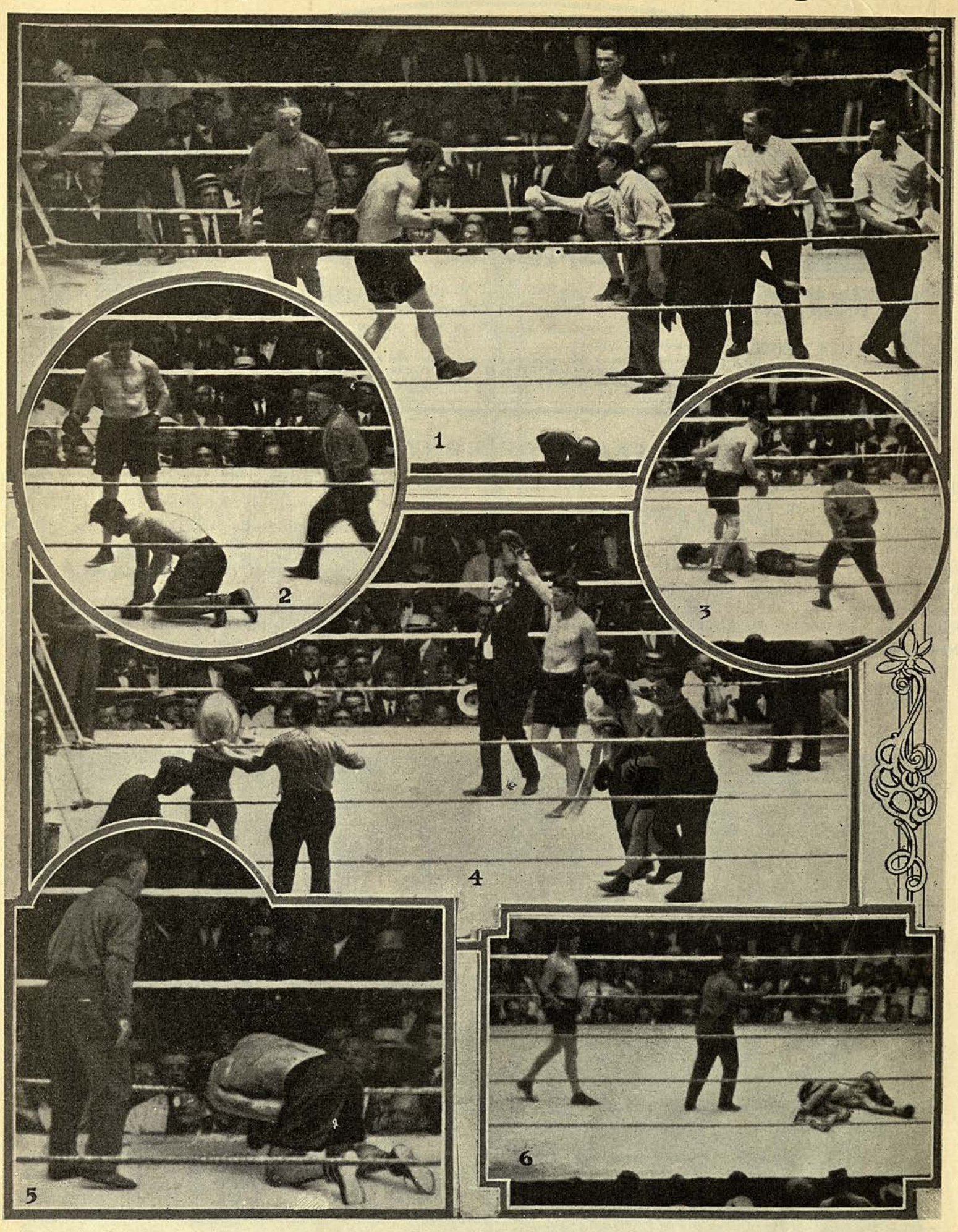
McGovern exercising with Medicine Ball. Joe Humphries, world famous announcer, is seen with hands outstretched.

When Carpentier Performed His Famous Ring Act



1—*The start of the fifteenth round showing how rules were violated by having four of Carpentier's handlers in ring. Descamps is holding the sponge and appealing to Georges to quit. (Wide World photo.)*
2—*The first knockdown in the tenth round in which Gene Tunney floored Georges four times.*
3—*Carpentier* ***down for third time.***
4—*Announcer Joe Humphries holding up Tunney's hand in token of victory.*
5—*Carpentier claiming a foul.*
6—*The Frenchman, apparently in agony, after his second knockdown in the tenth round. (Photos by P. and A.)*

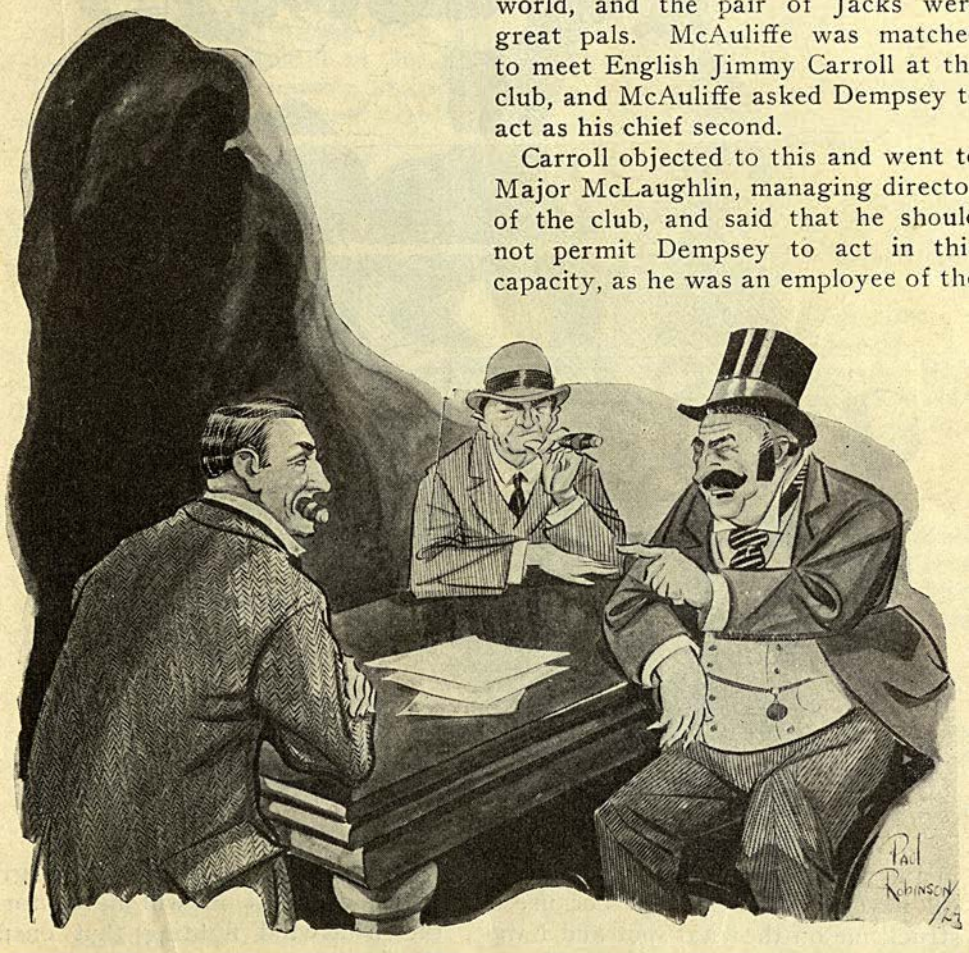
How Match Was Made That Broke the Nonpareil's Heart

By PHILADELPHIA JACK O'BRIEN

World Famous Physical Culture Instructor

FASHIONS in fistics surely have changed a lot in a generation. Before a world's championship match these days there is as much detail to be attended to as goes with the engineering of a big business deal. Furthermore, there is great care taken in the picking of opponents. That is what makes the successful manager.

Can you imagine a champion of today saying to his chief adviser who is trying to persuade him to pass up a tough opponent: "If I am the champion I must meet all comers. If he can make the limit he is entitled to a bout with me. I wouldn't be much of a champion to sidestep him; I'd be a coward."



Colonel McLaughlin conspiring to have Dempsey whipped by Fitz

That may sound like a piece of fiction, but this was the way the original Jack Dempsey, the Nonpareil, spoke when his friends were urging him to pass up the well remembered match with Bob Fitzsimmons, which cost Jack his championship crown and broke his heart so that he was never the same jolly Jack afterward, and died at the early age of 32.

How this match came about is not very generally known. It was the result of a plot on the part of certain persons to get even with Dempsey, and they surely did.

The Nonpareil was the boxing instructor at the California Club back in 1890. At that time Jack McAuliffe was the lightweight champion of the world, and the pair of Jacks were great pals. McAuliffe was matched to meet English Jimmy Carroll at the club, and McAuliffe asked Dempsey to act as his chief second.

Carroll objected to this and went to Major McLaughlin, managing director of the club, and said that he should not permit Dempsey to act in this capacity, as he was an employee of the club. McLaughlin was very fond of Carroll and, furthermore, had bet a big wad of money on him. He notified Dempsey that he must not go in McAuliffe's corner.

Independent and fearless as he always was, the Nonpareil told the Major and the other directors they could go to a place where there was no ice skating, and celluloid collars were unheard of.

When the lightweights got into the ring Dempsey was McAuliffe's chief adviser, and he was just about as good a second as he was a fighter. The champion was not in the best of condition, and it was a good thing for him that he had such a wise one as Dempsey behind him or he might never have been able to make good his boast of being the "only undefeated lightweight champion of the world."

Carroll had all the better of the early part of the fight, but Dempsey's masterful handling pulled his pal through, and Carroll was knocked out in the 47th round of a gruelling fight.

McLaughlin was mad as a hatter, and he and Carroll got together and concocted a scheme to get square. Dempsey could do 138 pounds easily, and in a pinch might have gotten down to the lightweight limit. Fitzsimmons, a recent arrival from Australia, was, as everyone knows, a freak of nature, with the body of a heavyweight. So they had Fitzsimmons challenge the Nonpareil, and in those days it was a disgrace for a title holder to refuse.

Dempsey had never seen Fitz, but he didn't hesitate to accept, although his friends pleaded with him to refuse. Barney Farley, one of his closest friends, begged him to pass up the match.

"You're deliberately throwing away the world's championship and you're not playing fair with your friends," said Barney, "by fighting a heavyweight, for that's what he really is."

It was then that Jack made the retort printed above.

Jack had a heart of a lion and would have fought anyone if his courage had been questioned, as he demonstrated one night in Philadelphia when he offered to fight Charley Mitchell, who stood off the great John L., for "money, marbles or chalk at any time or any place."

The tale of that battle at New Orleans, where Dempsey was knocked out, has been told time and time again. From the cheerful, playful fellow, ever ready to enjoy a good lark, Dempsey developed into a melancholy, sullen person, and was seldom seen to smile. Everyone said that he died of a broken heart.

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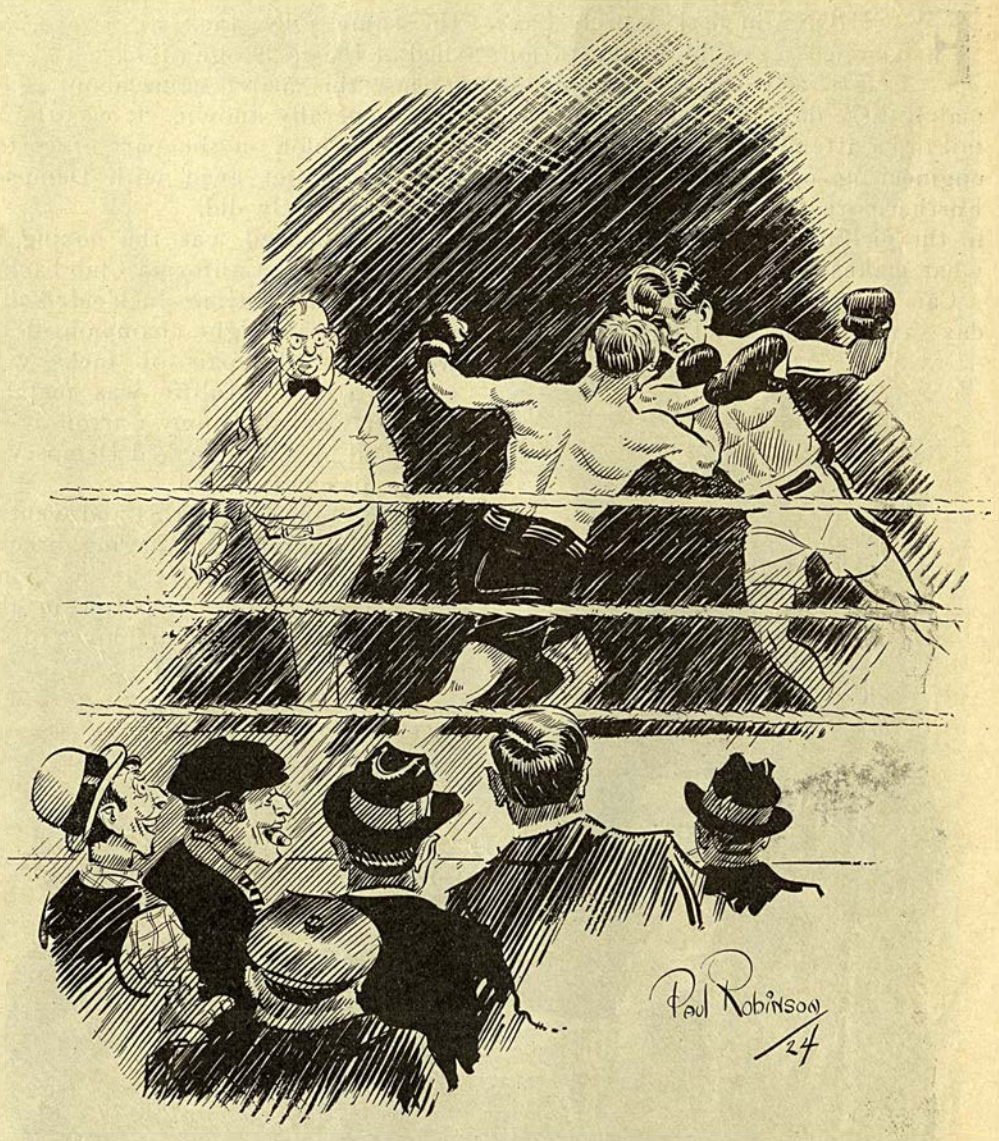
Mickey Walker, Welterweight Champion Describes His Hardest Battle

By JOHN L. (IKE) DORGAN



W. C. FIELD'S stage advice, "never give a sucker an even break," told in fun, fits in well with Mickey Walker's story of the man who gave him his hardest battle. In other words, the world's welterweight champion wants to convey the all important impression that he puts forth his best efforts against a so-called setup as he would with a worthy contender. Before and since he was crowned Mickey never takes a chance in ring combat, for who knows but that some unknown may come along and clip his wings.

"There is no such thing as a sucker fight," began Mickey in all seriousness leading up to his nearest trip to the land of the nod. "Every man I meet, be he a novice or a real contender, gets the same kind of a treatment from my hands. I play no favorites. I am out to win and win just as quickly as I can.

"You may smile and think I'm kidding when I say this—I'd be the worst kind of a mugg to try and fake a contest. I wouldn't know how and if I started to do some funny work they'd catch me dead to rights.

"They told me Morrie Schlaiffer was made to order when we clashed on March 3, 1923, when the game was trying to get on its feet out Chicago way," continued the most popular titleholder in the 147-pound division since the days of Honey Mellody. "What a fine setup they stacked me up against; wow, what a fine pasting he handed out.

"Yes, he was so easy that he came very near knocking me out in the second round, after I had made him look like the proverbial sucker in the first. He let fly a left hook from some direction and after it landed squarely on my chin, I started to take a snooze. The force of the blow shook me up from head to foot.

"It was an awful blow. To this day I'm willing to place my hand on a stack of bibles that they sneaked a horseshoe or some other blunt instrument in Morrie's gloved hand. My teeth felt as though they were all coming out, and my legs started to give way from under me. He cut a gash about three-quarters of an inch inside my mouth and the blood spouted out like a miniature Niagara Falls. How in the world I weathered that punch I'll never be able to tell because it struck me on the vital spot and I was out to all intents and purposes. I suppose Schlaiffer didn't know how badly I was hurt, otherwise he'd surely have applied the finishing touches.

"I have had many hard fights but the punishment I received in this particular round will never be forgotten. It caught me unawares. Luck was on my side that memorable evening, there's no doubt about that.

"The first thing I remember after coming out of the 'ether' was my late manager, Jack Bulger's advice: 'Box him Mickey, box him.'

"Boy, oh boy, how happy I was when they brought me to in the corner.

"I let science fly to the four winds when the third began and the great crowd that sat in will never forget the whirlwind fighting that ensued. We fought toe-to-toe, neither one giving up an inch.

"I started to get my left hook in motion and I stuck it to the body as often as I could. But he kept countering, sneaking in left jabs to the face and right crosses to the face. One right caught me on the temple and I saw stars again.

"We had them standing on the chairs in the fourth, so fierce was the exchange of blows. He'd hit with rights to the face and I'd keep hammering away at the mid-section with an assortment of lefts. But the left hooks to the body finally began to

(*Continued on page* 9)

A Little of This and That

By GABE CAFFREY

HEADSTRONG

HENRI HEBRANS, Belgian featherweight, is noted for his hard head. Many a fighter has taken a sock on the chin that made his head rock.

WHY?

Why is it so hard for a "ham" fighter to bring home the bacon?

PATRIOTIC RAGE

"Cossack" Nickifferov, the light-heavy and heavyweight champion of Soviet Russia, is said to "see red" every time he loses his temper.

JUST LOOK AT THEM

What does Mike Gibbons mean, the fighters are not as scientific as they used to be? Just look at how many "technical" knockouts we are having these days!

YOU BETCHA!

Said the pugilist to the men who were wagering on him, "I look up to you guys as my betters."

PROMOTERS' TIP

When you build a fight stadium be sure to install a large entrance to it, the larger the better. Then you are always sure of a "big gate."

YARN SPOILED

Pa and Ma Stribling are seconds to their son, Young Stribling, and attend all his fights. That spoils the old press agent story about running away from home to enter the ring.

OH, WELL

Tex Rickard has been impressed by hockey because of the chummy spirit of the players. He likes the way they "club together."

HOW FOOLISH

If you'd put a baseball diamond
On a doggone fistic ring,
Could you find a lady finger
That would wear the silly thing?

YESSIR

They say Harry Wills has one great trouble, he has weak hands. If that is the case he never should play cards.

WHAT A DIFF

Just take these simple letters
And note the STRIKING way
The meaning changes if reversed,
They're k. o. and o. k.

SUPPOSE SO

Speaking of fight names, I suppose Jimmy Gory, of Chicago, fights a bloody battle.

BET HE COULD

Fred Fulton, Minneapolis plasterer, is said to have developed a "fighting heart." Bet he now can lick that woman that holds a k. o. decision over him.

YOU TELLUM!

The greatest handshake in fistic history is the time 70-year-old Muldoon crushed the paw of Romero-Rojas. Muldoon was glad to see him but Rojas thought he was too d.... glad.

NAGS GET TOUGH

Prize fighters are not the only ones with hard boiled names. Race horses have them. There is Man-o-War, Mad Hatter, and Wild Aster, etc.

ONLY WAY

Jack Johnson, they say, is going to make a "come-back." The only way he can do it is go somewhere and come back.

WOT SAY?

Georges met his Waterloo in Dempsey,
Firpo took the k. o. from the same.
Wells and Wilde came from dear old Blighty
To get a cuffing in the fistic game.
Siki was defeated by all comers
When to the old U. S. he made his call;
Quinton Romero got Floyd Johnson's k. o.
It looks as though the "Yanks" can beat 'em all.

AN OPTIMIST

An optimist is a prize fighter who can go home for the day and just prior to rolling into bed make a cool, refreshing drink for himself out of the lemons handed him during the day.

IT'S A FACT

Even some of the sports fans do not "get" sports of a kind they are not interested in. You ask some fight fans about soccer and they think you're talking about a hard-hitting pug.

DUKES TOO

Regarding my statement in the last issue that it was an English prizefighter's respect for nobility which caused him to lose his fights, as he was used to having a "Count over him," a friend of mine in Blighty writes to add, "and you will notice that they always put up their Dukes."

TWO PEAS IN A POD

Jack Johnson, former heavyweight boxing champ, narrowly escaped death recently when his automobile was completely wrecked on a state highway near Benton Harbor. Severe bruises and a fractured rib were received by Battling Siki in an automobile smashup at Omaha. These two gentlemen seem to have things in common besides color.

SOME GLORY

Kid Coverup can go ten slashing rounds without "batting an eye."

HARD TO CRACK

We have heard a lot of dope about how dumb Firpo is. Now comes the "info" that Rojas is not even as keen as the "Beefsteak of the Pampas." How true, then, the saying that the territory in and around Brazil is noted for its nuts.

THE WILY FISH

A fish is good at prize fight defense, generally speaking. He'll duck and uppercut, he'll avert a jab, he'll evade a swing, but you can generally get him with a hook.

TELL US WHY

Why is it when a prize fighter gets sore in the ring he resorts to wrestling tactics, while on the other hand when a wrestler gets peeved he starts to biff his opponent?

SAD PART OF IT

An evangelist recently declared that betting on a prize fight was wrong as it was "getting money for nothing." Worse than that, it is frequently getting "nothing for money."

NOTHING TO IT

If you want to meet nice people
Here's how to reach that end,
Any prize fighter can give you
A "knockdown" to a friend.

GREAT MAN

One-Punch Goofy was not a prize fighter, but a street car conductor, and he got the title because in all his career he only used one punch to "knock out" dates on transfers. He also had a great "knock down" record, you know, "this dime for me and this one for the company."

JOLLY WELL DID

"I upset the dope," cried the prize fighter, as he knocked over a "hop-head" set-up.

SPARE THOSE RIBS

When a box fighter beats a salvo of blows on the paunch of his adversary he is breaking Article 10 of the Musicians' Union, which says, "Do not make a drum out of a wind instrument."

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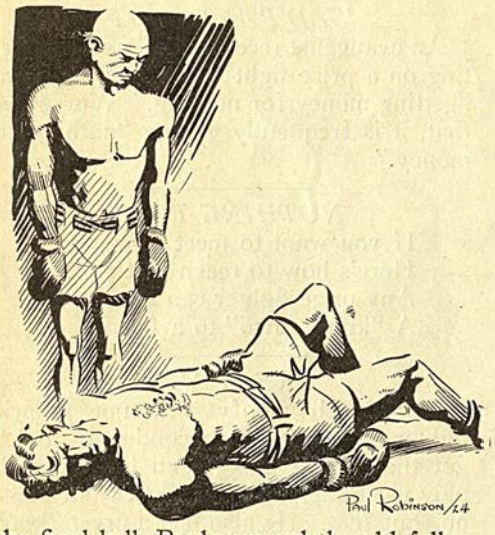
Big Moments in Little Fights

By JACK KOFOED

ONE of the most dramatic pictures the ring ever presented was one of Bob Fitzsimmons' last fights. The bald, lanky Cornishman, close on to fifty then and only a shadow of what he had once been, went to Benson Mines in the north woods to fight a French-Canadian named Jim Paul.

Paul was the terror of the lumber-camps, a giant of a man whom his mates looked on as unbeatable. They had all heard of Fitzsimmons, worshipped him in his day, but old and worn now, what chance had he against the brutally powerful Paul?

Big Jim rushed, smashing his terrific fists through the air, while Bob slipped about the ring, dodging, boxing, "rolling with the punches." Fitzsimmons had no desire to hurt the lumberjack, but in the third round, just a few seconds before



the final bell, Paul angered the old fellow with a cut across the face.

Then Fitzsimmons showed that age hadn't taken the sting from that terrible right hand of his. He let it go with all he had, and the terror of the north woods went down on his back.

Do you get that picture?

Old Bob Fitzsimmons, bald and withered, fifty years old if he was a day, standing over the young Hercules, a man of half his age and twice his strength, while the lumberjacks roared their approval.

Probably not one person in a million ever heard of that battle in unknown Benson Mines, but the classic Garden never presented a picture with more inherent drama in it.

* * *

When Perseverance Won

YEARS ago in Philadelphia there was a tough, young featherweight named Young Nitchie. He never was a champion, or even a near champion, but he had a big following in the Quaker City because he always kept fighting.

Harry Baker, of 'Frisco, who had fought them all and had been stopped only by the incomparable Abe Attell, was matched with Nitchie at the Nonpareil Club. Most folks thought it would be just a pleasant workout for the polished California boxer. The place was packed to the doors.

For three rounds Baker "made a bum of Nitchie," to use the vernacular. Baker jabbed him at will, but the stout-hearted Nitchie never let up in his attack. His eyes were full of gloves, but he fought like a demon to get at his shifty opponent. His efforts appeared to be unavailing.

In the fourth round—or for two minutes of it, at any rate—the farce continued. Jab-jab-skip-swing-miss.

Then over switched Nitchie's right hand in the one big punch. Baker, carelessly confident of his ability, was nailed on the button, and went down flat on his back, while the spectators rose to their feet and shrieked their appreciation of the local boy.

Baker crawled to his feet, but he was glassy eyed and defenseless. So, Nitchie just measured him carefully, and let another go to the jaw.

This time for Baker the lights went out.

* * *

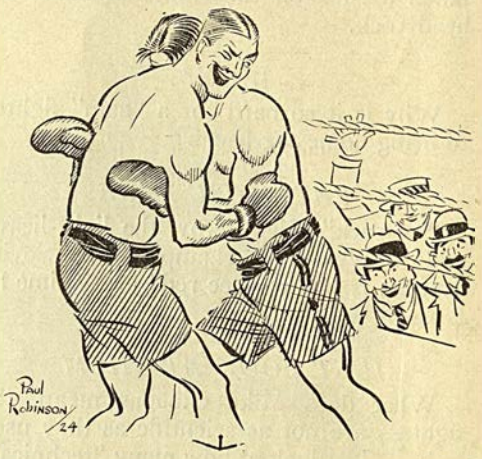
K. O. Phil Kaplan Has Last Laugh

K. O. PHIL KAPLAN is making quite a stir in the welterweight ranks these days, and his friends expect him to some day wear the crown now adorning the locks of Mickey Walker.

The first time Phil boxed Joe Jackson he had rather a tough time for a few rounds. He wasn't being beaten, but he couldn't make effective use of his right hand. Jackson is a tough man to land on when he settles down to the serious side of boxing, and so Kaplan found it.

In the fourth Jackson began kidding with some acquaintance in the front row. He'd get in a clinch, tie up Phil's deadly right hand, and then began to chatter, mostly about what a chump his opponent was.

He did it two or three times, and on each occasion the K. O. boy's gorge rose a bit higher. The fans near enough to the ring to enjoy the monologue laughed, but



those further back were yelling to the fighters to speed up.

In one of those clniches Jackson backed out, and, as he did so, turned his head a bit to indulge in another wise crack.

Kaplan saw his chance, and shot over the right. It didn't travel more than six or eight inches apparently but it knocked Jackson cold. His head hit the floor first ,and he didn't stir until the count was over, and his seconds carried him to his corner.

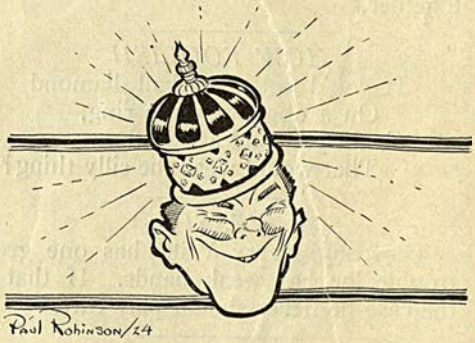
Phil and Joe met a couple of times after that, with Kaplan winning each time, but Jackson never gave him the opportunity of landing that punch again.

* * *

Pork-and-Beaner Furnishes Thrill

THIS is a big moment only when you look back on it, and realize what a funny jade Fate really is.

At the West End A. C. in Philadelphia



—an old clipping tells us—that marvelous Negro fighter, Jack Blackburn, beat Jack Robinson in a six-round bout.

That isn't the kick. It isn't even in the semi-windup, in which Tommy Reilly, now a referee and baseball umpire, beat Young Sam Langford.

It lay in the preliminaries.

In the main one Johnny Willetts, who

became one of the most popular lightweights in the city, and who was headlined at all the big clubs, knocked out Joe Rodgers in the first round.

In the second one the little South African, Yankee Swartz, who later beat some of the best bantamweights in the land, including wonderful Johnny Coulon, the champion, outpointed Benny Green.

And, in the opening bout—the scorned first preliminary—Reddy Moore fought a six-round draw with JACK BRITTON; *the* Jack Britton who held the welterweight championship of the world so long, and even now, when on in middle age, is one of the cleverest boxers in the ring.

Wouldn't that yellowed clipping, telling of greatness hidden among the pork-and-beaners, give you a thrill?

* * *

Hair-Raising Fighting

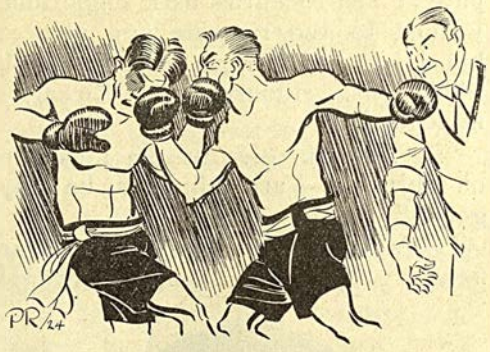
THERE were many big moments in the twenty-five round draw that Billy Bapke and Hugo Kelly fought in Los Angeles in the hey-dey of the middleweight division, but the biggest came in the first and fourth rounds.

Kelly almost won the fight in the very first minute when he hammered Papke to the ropes and had the Illinois Thunderbolt groggy. But Billy rallied gamely in response to the thunderous roars of the mob and carried the fight furiously back to his opponent. Hugo played for Papke's jaw, and landed punches that would have hypnotized anyone but the Thunderbolt.

Then, in the fourth, Billy appeared to be on the edge of victory. He knocked the Italian down for the count of eight, but Kelly came back just as his opponent had in the first round, and weathered the storm.

Those two rounds were as savage and desperate as any ever fought in California, and they've had some furious tilts out there on the sundown slopes.

Referee Jim Jeffries called the bout a draw. Though Kelly bore no marks on



his face, and Papke's eyes were closed and both his cheekbones pounded to a pulp, there really was little to choose, for the Thunderbolt had been levelling his heavy guns at Hugo's body for a large part of the time.

Regardless of the justice of the decision, those who watched the battle will admit that the first and fourth rounds provided thrills enough to suit the most hardened follower of the ring.

Passing the Test

JOHNNY MEALEY, the Philadelphia lightweight, has a varied career. He was a bricklayer when he started his ring career, but studied chiropractic, and earned a degree, while still in the ring. For several years he was a successful fistman; then he ran into a knockout punch at the hands of Bobby Barrett.

After a layoff, he came back and won a long string of victories over Barrett, Jimmy Hanlon, George Eagle, George Erne and other stars. Then he left the ring for a year. Only a short time ago he made a comeback against a tough, hard-punching boy named Tony Ross.

Ross is a tearing-in slugger, and Mealey's friends were rather afraid that he would not be able to stand up before a ferocious assault. The first round was the vital one.

As usual, Tony rushed, swinging with both hands. Mealey, a master boxer, tied him up, jabbed, sidestepped, worked in all his old time form. Then he ripped a terrific smash to Ross' stomach, and crossed his right to the jaw.

The New Castle Italian staggered, became glassy eyed, held on. Before Mealey could fight him away the bell rang, saving him from a probable knockout.

But the test had been passed. Mealey, in spite of his years and his long layoff, proved that he was as good as ever.

All through the rest of the bout he outfought his opponent, and won the decision **with ease.**

Mickey Walker Describes His Hardest Fight

(*Continued from page* 6)

tell on Morrie. I could see that he was weakening. They never made 'em any gamer than that boy. The more I'd hit him the faster he'd come in for more.

"The newspaper reporters couldn't believe their eyes when they saw Schlaiffer come tearing in after me at the tap of the gong for the fifth stanza. He piled into me with a smashing left hook to the body that made me sit up and take notice. I knew I had him where I wanted him and I just boxed him at long range for a bit, socking in left hooks to the body as fast as I could get them in.

" 'You'd better go in and finish him, take no chances,' advised Bulger. 'I'm taking no chances, believe me,' I shot back at Jack. Morrie was still full of fight when the sixth began. He was smiling and thought he was a sure winner. Up to this stage I think he had a bit of a shade had a decision been rendered.

"I made up my mind to try and end things. I shot a terrific left hook to the body and the force of the blow nearly brought him down. He managed to stay on his feet but in a flash I cornered him in a neutral spot, measured him, sent in another left to the mid-section and then crossed the right. He fell as if shot. I'll say one thing for the old boy, he went down fighting. He tried to get up, he lifted one leg at the count of five but he just couldn't make it. Just as the ten seconds was over he collapsed.

"I was happy when the scrap was over because I got out of it with my whole skin. I was marked up pretty good, cuts on my face and a small gash under the left eye.

"Did the licking he received at my hands stop short Morrie's career? Not so one could notice it. Since we met he has triumphed in fifteen straight fights, in one of which he floored Billy Wells four times.

"When I decide to hang up my gloves I'd like to see a gamester like Schlaiffer wear my crown. He'd make it interesting for anybody in the welterweight division, and I am sure he would make a great champion.

"Funny how things break. I found my knock out punch after the Schlaiffer battle, and I have flattened among others, Cowboy Padgett, twice; Nate Seigtl, Bobby Green and Moe Herscovitch.

"Another fellow who gave me a rough trip was Lou Bogash two years ago a few months before I dethroned Jack Britton. I couldn't fathom his style, and he outguessed me.

"But Schlaiffer honestly and truly gave me my hardest fight, and I never expect to go through another ordeal that I was put to the night we clashed at Chicago. He gave me a fine pasting and had I not been trained to the minute, I might now be on the outside looking in."

Vaccarelli On Way to Throne Now Occupied by Johnny Dundee

By FRANCIS ALBERTANTI

ONE-HALF of the world doesn't know what the other half is doing.

This old proverb, true to life, makes about as good an introduction we can think of to chronicle the discovery of Tony Vaccarelli, sensational New York City featherweight.

Until February, 1923, Joe Malone, Johnny Dundee's trainer, was enjoying the fruits of the Miracle Man's ring success. The word contentment jibes with Joe's happiness and peace of mind. Woe unto the man who spoke ill of Dundee. The idea that some day he would manage the successor to the most marvelous fighter in modern fistiana—Johnny Dundee—never entered in Malone's mind.

Was it fate? Call it that, good luck, or any other name. The remainder of the story reads like a fairy tale.

Malone was enjoying a lathering at the hands of Guiseppi Sarnelli, his favorite barber, on 125th Street and First Avenue. Joe was a steady customer. Sarnelli would take great pains with Malone's face, not so much for the tip but for the pleasure of having Joe go back and tell Dundee what a good barber he was.

One day Sarnelli switched from the general run of tonsorial conversation to boxing. "How would you like to manage little Tony Vaccarelli?" came this message into Malone's ears. "Who is Vaccarelli?" was Malone's retort. The barber put aside his tools, brought Joe's body into a sitting position, and pointing his finger at him exclaimed: "Who is Vaccarelli? De next champeen of de woild!" "Never heard of him," insisted Malone.

"He's de champeen amacheur fighter!" persisted the barber.

"Aw, I don't bother with amateurs," Malone countered thinking this would put the tonsorialist back in his place.

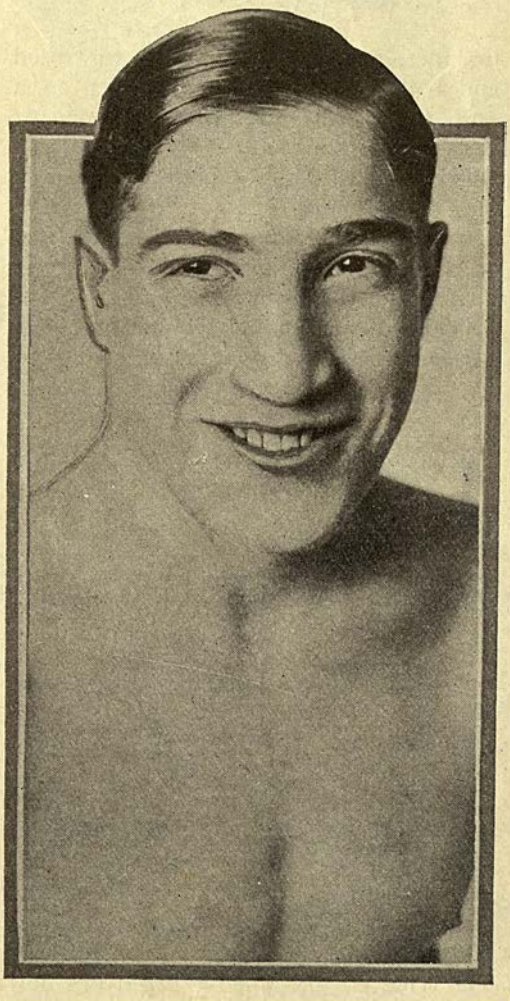
"You make one big, big mistake, Mister Malone; you feel sorry you no take him, I am his godfather," Sarnelli continued in broken English. "Tomorrow night he fight da Madison Square Gard for de champeenship."

"All right, all right," interrupted Malone, "come on, finish the shave and I'll do you a favor and go and see him box. If he isn't any good you'll never see me here again."

Having nothing else to do the following evening, Malone crashed the gate at Tex Rickard's fistic emporium, walked to the ringside and planted himself in a seat right next to Frank Flournoy's. Flournoy is Rickard's matchmaker.

"Say, Frank, give us the lowdown on this kid Vaccarelli. Is he any good?" Malone asked.

"He's the best looking amateur fighter I've ever seen," answered



Tony Vaccarelli

Flournoy. The next man Malone accosted was Tommy Smith, who has spent twenty years of his life in the capacity of referee in amateur contests. He has seen them come and go.

"Whaddye you think of Vacca——?" Malone had hardly finished the question when Smith's answer came like a bolt out of a clear sky: "I've been in there for twenty years and let me tell you Tony is the sweetest looking thing I've ever laid my eyes on. He is the greatest amateur developed in my time."

Malone claims he never ran as fast as he did that night from the ringside to the dressing room. He found Vaccarelli discarding his street clothes for ring togs.

"Your godfather, Sarnelli, sent me down here to have me manage you," Malone said by way of introduction. "Right after to-night's fight I'm going to turn you professional and to-morrow we'll sign a contract."

Vaccarelli didn't know Malone from a hole in the ground, but Sarnelli's command was good enough for him. Tony's father had passed on to the Great Beyond and he looked to his godfather for guidance.

Malone went back to his seat, saw Vaccarelli annihiliate his opponent for the junior featherweight championship, and turning to Flournoy asked:

"What's the chances of getting the kid a fight in the Garden?"

"I admire your nerve; the kid isn't out of the cradle yet and you want to pit him against men old enough to be his father," was Flournoy's snap answer.

"Just give me a four-round fight; anything'll do," insisted Malone.

"Have it your own way," Flournoy said.

"Come around to-morrow and I'll see what I can do for the kid."

The next morning promptly at 10 o'clock Malone, accompanied by the shy Vaccarelli, waited on Flournoy's doorstep.

"Will you box Willie Ryan?" "Anybody'll do—isn't that right?" Malone asked and answered turning to Vaccarelli. "You're the boss," stammered out Tony.

Vaccarelli celebrated his debut in the money ranks on March 16, 1923, by knocking out Ryan in one round. Two left hooks to the body and three right-hand uppercuts laid low Willie. The fans couldn't believe their eyes when they saw the lanky, well-proportioned lad just out of the amateurs come through in a blaze of glory.

Dundee, seated in Vaccarelli's corner, watched the youngster with a critical eye. After the fight Johnny took Malone to one side and said:

(*Continued on page* 16)

Sullivan the Real Champion of the World

By JACK SKELLY

HOW often have I been asked to decide that much disputed question, "Was John L. Sullivan the heavyweight champion of the world?" And how often have I seen this same question wrongly decided in the sporting columns of the daily press. It makes me weary to hear experts declare in the most off-handed manner possible, that Sullivan was the champion of America only and not of the world.

Strange as it may seem this wrong decision originated in Boston, among a certain tribe of sporting scribes who always were antagonistic to the big fellow.

You know Boston was Sullivan's home town, but in his early days he was rather high-spirited and treated some of the bean-eating writers in a rather rude way, particularly Captain Cooke, who spent most of his life trying to down Sullivan with his caustic pen. He alone wrote thousands of words trying to prove that the big fellow was never the heavyweight champion of the world. However, I have always claimed he was, and my decision on this question has caused thousands of dollars to change hands.

Now, let us get down to "brass tacks, facts and figures," in order to clearly prove my claim. When John L. Sullivan began his pugilistic career in Boston in 1879, there really was no heavyweight champion of the world. Jem Mace, who had claimed the title, had retired, and Joe Coburn, the American champion, had also stepped out of the ring, so the world was without any recognized champion on either side of the Atlantic.

In 1880, Paddy Ryan of Troy, N. Y., and Joe Goss of England, fought a hard battle of eighty-seven rounds at Collier Station, West Virginia, for the championship. Ryan won and was recognized by all sporting authorities and writers as the king of the big fighters. In 1882, John L. forced Ryan to combat at Mississipi City, Miss., and walloped Paddy in nine rapid rounds.

Sullivan suddenly and brilliantly became the great fistic idol of the whole world. He was called the "champion of champions," and stood ready and anxious to meet all-comers from every part of the globe. Jem Mace, Billy Madden and other crafty judges of big fighters hunted the world over to find a man to pit against the big fellow.

Tug Wilson of England was the first foreigner to answer Sullivan's broadcast challenge. They met in Madison Square Garden, July 17, 1882, and John L. made a punching bag of the slippery Briton, who fouled and fell without a blow, time and time again. It was Sullivan's battle from start to finish by a hundred miles or more.

Next came Charley Mitchell, who was proclaimed the heavyweight boxing champion of all England. He lasted just three rounds in the big Garden, May 14, 1883, Police Captain Williams jumping into the ring to save Mitchell from slaughter.

In the last round a remarkable scene took place. When the round started and Sullivan had not assumed his fighting pose, Mitchell suddenly shot over a left-hander to John's bread-basket, and the big champion sat down flat. It was a great surprise to the packed Garden, but Sullivan was probably the most amazed man in the house, for he had never been taken off his feet before. When he got up there was fire in his eyes, and he went at Mitchell hammer-and-tongs, and with one spile-driving punch knocked Mitchell clean through the ropes on top of the heads of the excited ringsiders. It was Sullivan's victory without a dissenting voice.

In 1888, Sullivan and Mitchell fought a thirty-nine round draw at Chantilly, France. The big fellow injured his right arm in the early part of the contest and the Englishman gladly agreed to a draw. This battle was fought under old London prize-ring rules, and Mitchell proved himself to be an artful dodger, sprinting around the ring.

In 1883, Jem Mace, who had been engaged hunting the world for a man to beat Sullivan, showed up with Herbert A. Slade from New Zealand, and John L. knocked him out in the third round in his most brilliant and effective manner.

These three international battles, and the defeat of Paddy Ryan, were more than enough to make Sullivan the undisputed champion of the world, and he was so recognized by every fair minded sportsman both here and in England and in Australia. If John L. wasn't the peer of the world's fistic arena at that time, who was?

However, let me go on a little further, in order to satisfy the unbelievers who crop up in the sporting columns every once in a while. In 1884, Alf Greenfield, the recognized heavyweight champion of England, came to these shores and met Sullivan in Madison Square Garden, where he just lasted two swift rounds, and the next year Sullivan defeated Greenfield in Boston in four rounds. By these two battles John L. had defended and again won the big title. Now, I'm not counting the grand knocking-out tours of Sullivan all over this country, in which he put to sleep some fifty husky opponents with his great punch.

From August until November, 1888, John L. was a very sick man in Boston. It was supposed he would never again be able to defend the world's heavyweight championship. So it came to pass that Jake Kilrain's backer posted $5,000 in Paris and claimed the big title for Jake. In the meanwhile Kilrain had fought Jem Smith, the champion of England, 106 rounds in France and was really robbed of the decision by a tough English mob at the ringside.

Kilrain certainly beat Smith, and all the fair English sporting writers gave him full credit for doing so. However, Kilrain's challenge and $5,000 remained up in Paris for about six months, when Sullivan began to get on his feet again and demanded that Kilrain should meet him for the world's title.

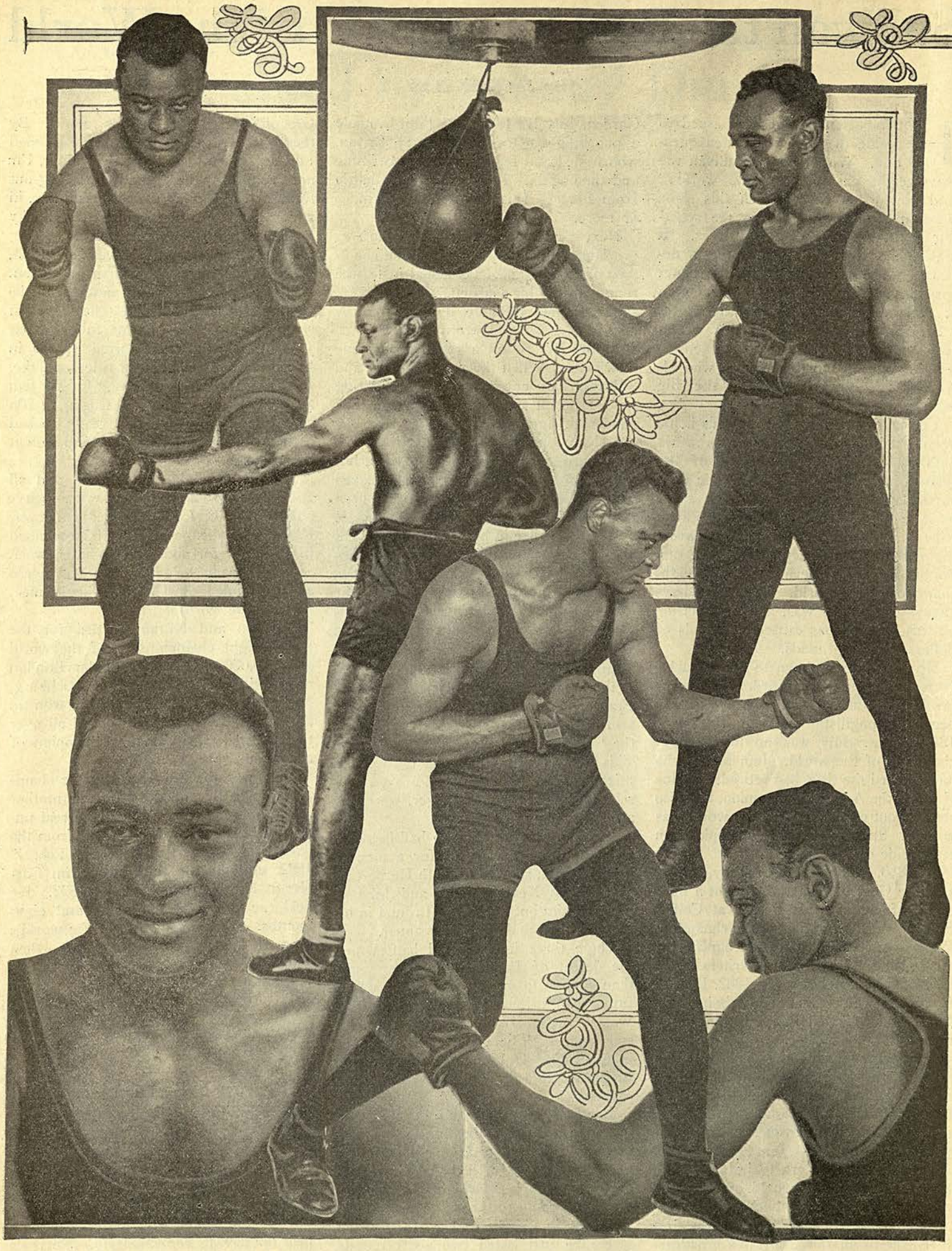
Sullivan and Kilrain battled for the heavyweight championship of the world and $10,000 stakes aside, under London rules with bare knuckles at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889. Sullivan won in 75 rounds, and was again hailed all over the civilized world as the "champion of champions."

This was the last bare-knuckle championship battle pulled off on this mother earth of ours. John L. was the real undisputed champion of the world from the day he defeated Paddy Ryan, Feb. 7, 1882, until he lost the title to Jim Corbett at New Orleans, Sept. 7, 1892. He held the title just ten years and eight months. If Sullivan was not the world's king of fighters during that time, then who was?

I hope these facts and figures will satisfy the most skeptical. Sullivan was the champion of champions, and defended the title against all-comers from every part of the world.

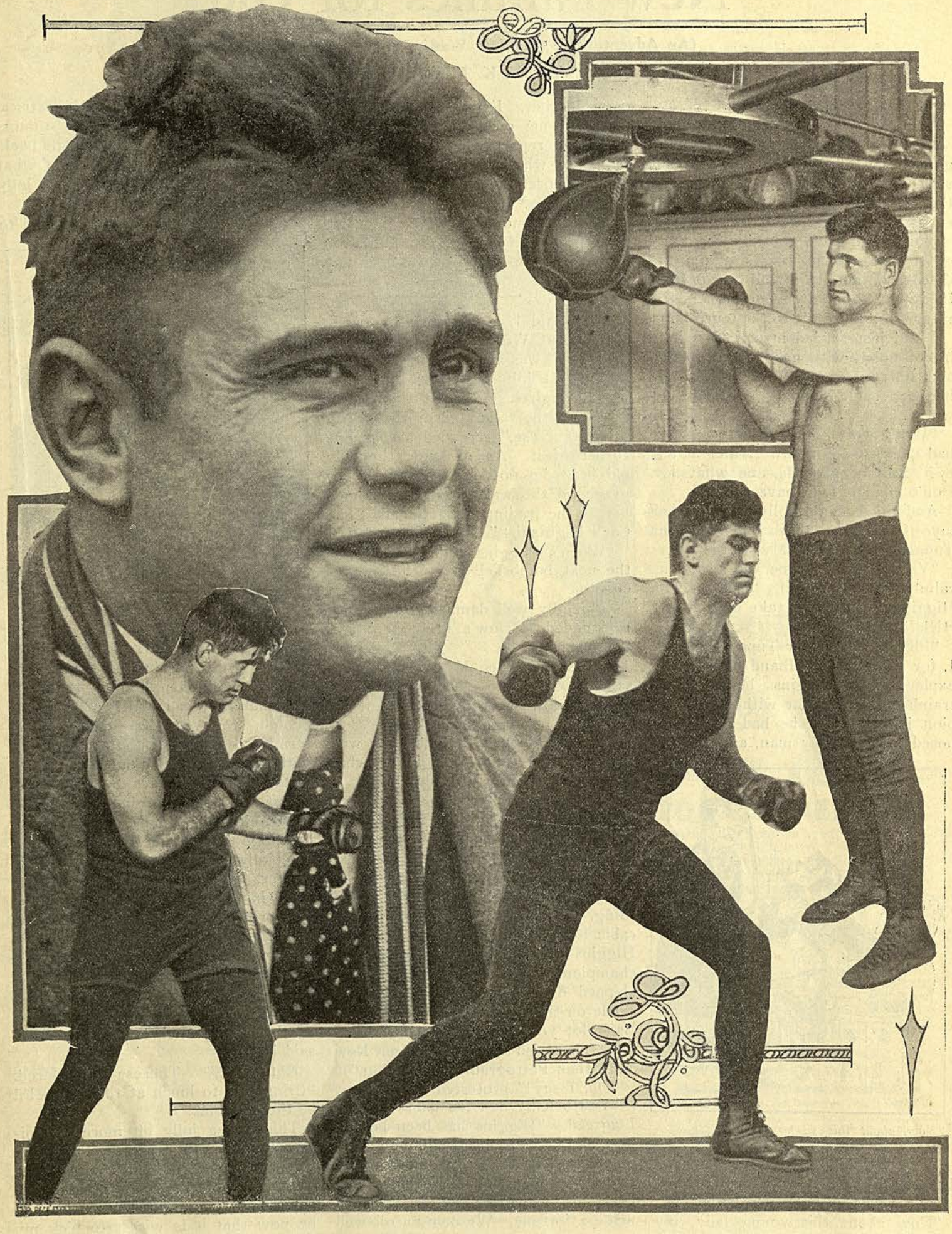
[*In a future issue* THE RING *will publish an article by Charles F. Mathison, veteran sports critic, on "Why Sullivan Never Held the World's Heavyweight Title." Mr. Mathison saw John L. in all of his big bouts, and takes issue with Mr. Skelly and others who declare Sullivan held the world's championship.*—EDITOR'S NOTE.]

The Black Panther in Training and in Ring Action



Harry Wills snapped by THE RING *cameraman while preparing for his bout with Luis Firpo*

The Wild Bull of the Pampas Snapped at Saratoga



Luis Angel Firpo, who is in our midst again

New Families for Old

(An Adventure of the Hon. Waffle-Waffle. Chapter VIII)

By JAMES K. McGUINNESS

IF you aren't the beastliest blighter in the world, my name is no longer the Hon. Montmorency Montgomery Waffle-Waffle. A bally fine sort of friend you are, exposing me to the assaults of a silly old family emissary without a bit of warning.

You might have cabled me a word or so and not let the silly old ass descend on me like a wolf on the fold; if wolves can bally well descend by means of a hotel lift to the tenth floor.

I had just settled myself to a jolly bit of quiet, with a bottle of Scotch and soda and a pipe, when the silly blighter came popping in from nowhere.

"Wot; wot?" he exclaimed. "Not bad quarters for a cow striker at all; ey? Scotch and soda, and what not. Don't mind if I do have a peg."

And all I could jolly well gather myself together to say was: "Sir Tuppence. Uncle! My word!"

"Your pater sent me, lad," said he, calmly seating himself. "And where's Higgins? Cawn't he take my hat and stick?"

"I'll have them, Sir Tuppence," said I, for I could not offhand find a bally explanation. Higgins being away training for his fight with the champion johnny when he had been supposed to act as my man, and I being

"Now, about this young lady, my boy," Sir Tuppence began. "The pater has not yet broken the news to your mother."

destined by my family to life on a ranch, it was all bally perplexing.

"Now about this young lady, my boy?" Sir Tuppence began. "The pater has not as yet broken the news to your mother. I'm afraid, he's afraid. He sent me on to look the ground over and report what's what. Now, tell me, what's what? And when may I expect the pleasure of meeting your fiancee?"

More and more awkward. I got to believing that the bally situation would blow up of its own accord any moment.

"Next week some time, Sir Tuppence," said I. "She's visiting some friends out West at present."

"Hum!" was all the old pirate said, although I jolly well saw him peering through his glass at the photograph on the table and at the "With Love, Therese," scrawled across one corner of it. And I know the silly old bear did not overlook the lithograph on the wall, which proclaimed her as the leading attraction of "The Cat's Nightshirt."

"When's Higgins coming in?" was the next bombshell from the old inquisitor.

"I'm jolly well damned if I know," I exploded. "How's the pater; and the rest?"

"As well as could be expected," said the old pirate. "Damn bad policy not to know where your servant is; and when he's coming back?"

That was about all I could jolly well stand for the time. You know what we Waffle-Waffles are, old thing. If we allow ourselves to boil long enough, there is nothing left for us to do but to evaporate. I am jolly well opposed to that method, so I exploded instead.

"I shall jolly well tell you the whole thing," I shouted. "And you can cable it back tonight if you want to. Higgins was a boxer, the lightweight champion of Yorkshire, when he was shipped over here to help me herd cattle on the ranches near New York. Bally lot you know about this country. There isn't a ranch nearer New York than Petrograd is to London."

"Oh, I say!" protested my uncle.

"You usually do—too damn much," I agreed. "Higgins has been boxing here and he had jolly well done everyone in. Night after tomorrow he fights the champion. I've bally well been his manager and we've both made a fortune. We own an oil well between us, to mention nothing more. And the young lady I am engaged to is on the road with her theatrical company now. She returns tomorrow morning. Now send it all back, or suit your silly old soul about what you want to do. I don't give a jolly whoop what you decide."

The grumpy old blighter decided to

"Thereupon he devoted himself entirely to the statuesque brunette."

switch the subject to the question of procuring Scotch in the States and when I had given him all the bally information I had and nearly all the Scotch, we were on much better terms, so much so that I arranged with the hotel to let him the suite next mine, which was vacant.

But the next morning brought no word; either of commendation or condemnation, from Sir Tuppence and I was jolly well done in on the whole matter. Naturally, when Therese arrived in town she telephoned me and I informed her of the arrival of my uncle, giving her also what additional information I had.

"What kind of a bird is he?" she asked.

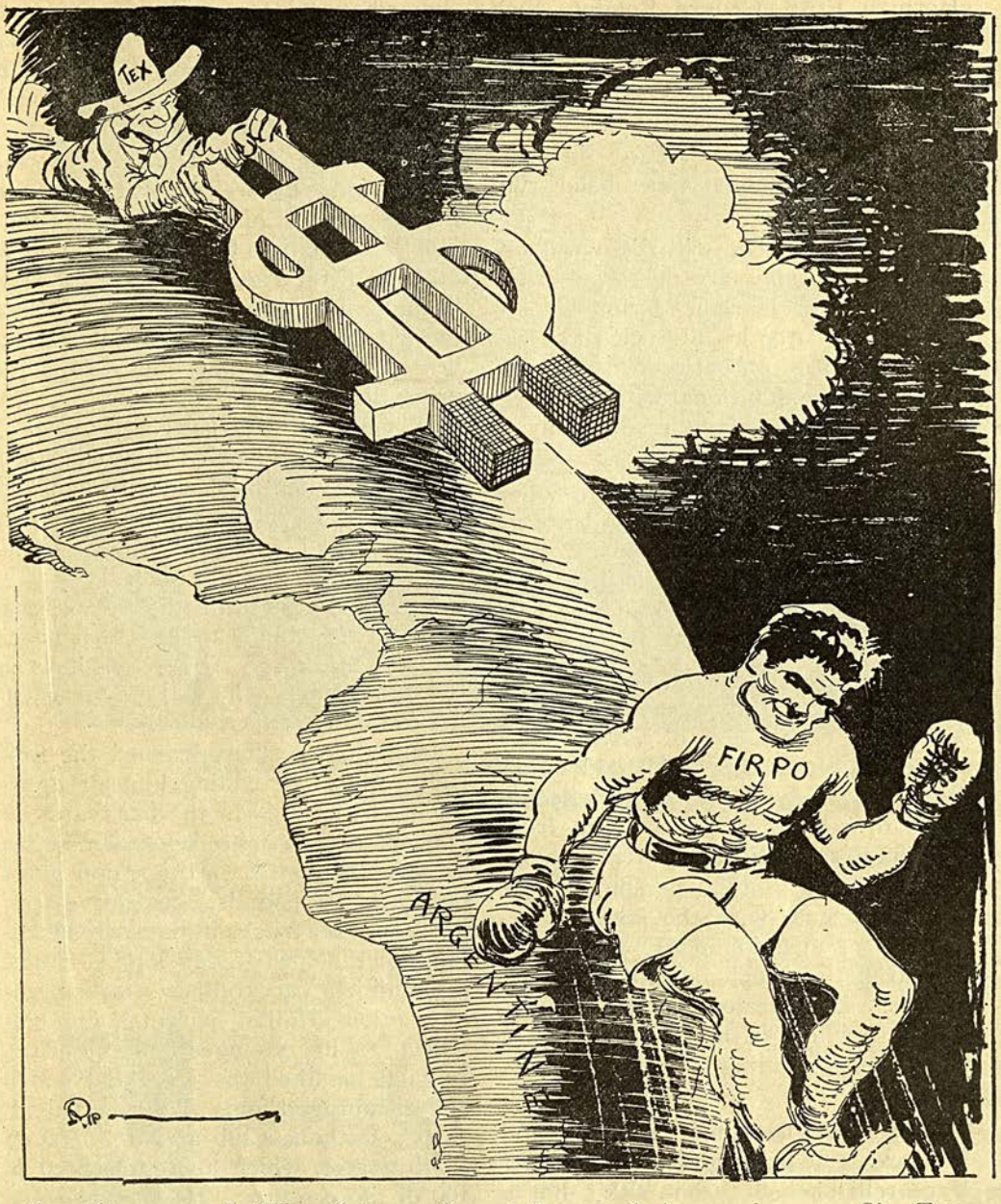
"Gruff old chappie; younger brother of the pater; bachelor all his life," said I.

Not yet," Therese answered. "Bring him to lunch at the Ritz. I'll be there at one."

This was a jolly bit more precipitate than I had expected, but there was nothing to do but comply with Therese's orders. I am a stubborn person at times, but I have learned by now that it is wisest to pick my times.

Sir Tuppence offered no comment

THE TEX RICKARD MAGNET



other than a gruff, "Hum," to my information about our luncheon destination.

"Have to have a peg first," he commented and, jolly well feeling that it might do some good, I plied him with several topping hookers. By the time he had consumed the third he was almost human.

It was with considerable amazement that I saw Therese was not alone when she entered the Ritz. Accompanying her was a tall, dark, stately creature who I recognized after a time as the third from the end; or was she the second, in that act where the girls all came on carrying lanterns.

And the old pirate, Sir Tuppence, noticed her, too.

"Which is your fiancee?" he whispered gruffly as we went to meet them.

"The smaller of the two; the blonde girl," I answered.

"Hum; good!" said he.

Therese did not, I imagine, make a jolly good impression on Sir Tuppence.

"How are all the little acres, and the scrubs, and everything?" she inquired when we were seated for luncheon. "And does the tea wagon still squeak, or has it been oiled?"

"My nephew can answer your inquiries as well as I can," growled Sir Tuppence in his best club manner, "but I may say that the tea wagon has not been oiled."

Thereupon he devoted himself entirely to the statuesque brunette—her name, it developed, was Miss Miriam Conchel; and from their intimacies of conversation I gathered only snatches, which informed me that the girl who had lately been second from the end —or was it third?—just loved big, gruff men who went off to India and places like that, where they risked their lives every other minute in the performance of their duty.

Since I was anxious to have a talk with Therese we wandered away after luncheon, jolly well leaving Sir Tuppence and the willowly brunette to shift for themselves.

"You weren't overkind to the old gentleman, were you?" I inquired gently, "handing him a lot of chaff and what not just as soon as he arrived."

"I wanted to divert his attention to Miriam," Therese explained.

"Why?" I asked.

"You'll see—possibly," said she, and that was jolly well all I could make her say about the bally matter.

But I knew about ten o'clock that evening, when Sir Tuppence telephoned me.

"Ask for your congratulations, young man," he wheezed. "Ey, wot? Blessings and all that sort of rot, ey?"

"Wot; wot?" said I.

"Blessings! Congratulations!" he mumbled. "I'm married. Miriam and I are married. Up at Greenwich. Be home in the morning. And, by the way, my boy, couldn't you arrange for me to buy two good seats to see Higgins fight tomorrow night,"

It worked out all for the best, no doubt. Now we shall have two new families when we return to meet in conflict the one old one. Jolly interesting, ey, wot?

(To be continued)

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VACCARELLI ON WAY TO TITLE

(*Continued from page* 10)

"Watch that kid, he's going to make good. Don't rush him too fast, let him come along. I like him very much. When I'm through I want him to step in my shoes."

Dundee, the shrewd observer that he is, discovered a few faults with Vaccarelli's mode of delivery. "Bring him around to the gym and I'll correct his faults," Jawn said. For several weeks the old master took the youngster in hand and taught him how to hook effectively with the left, counter and put more power behind his right-hand blows.

In sixteen months Vaccarelli fought twenty-seven battles, losing but one and that an eyelash defeat by Sid Terris. Charley Hayes and Billy Henry held him to a draw in six rounds apiece.

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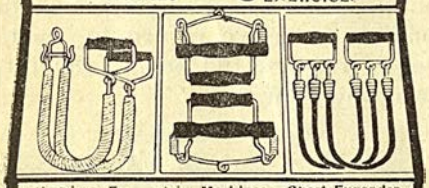
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After flattening Ryan, Tony defeated Herman Rose, George Bender, Nick Laparuta, Jackie McCoy, Frankie Maxwell, Jack Mallon, Joe Trieste, Al Du Beck, Sid Rabin, Willie Garber, Babe Herman, Willie Singer, Jimmy Mars, knocked out McCoy in four Mickey Brown three times hand running.

In his first battle with Brown Tony reached his majority. They burned red fire in the Harlem market section in celebration of his first victory over the full route. In between, Vaccarelli boxed two exhibitions with Dundee, three and four rounds, respectively.

They applied the acid test to the young Italian two months ago when Malone matched him with Allentown Johnny Leonard. Only two or three weeks before Leonard laid low Carl Duane, breaking his jaw in the bargain.

"This will either make you or break you," declared Manager Malone to Vaccarelli on the eve of battle. The scene was the ring of Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn. Five sightseeing loads of rooters made the trip from Harlem to see their idol battle Leonard.

There was not a person in the jammed arena, with the possible exception of his followers, that gave Vaccarelli as much as an outside chance. He scaled 126¾ pounds. "Stick the left in his mush and you can't help winning," was Dundee's advice.

When the first bell sounded and Leonard came leaping out of his corner Vaccarelli backed to one side, shot a straight left to the face and Leonard looked at him as much as to say: "What's this?" Tony whipped two rights to the body. Leonard skipped around taking another assortment of punches to see what the "kid's got."

Vaccarelli was beating the Penn lad from pillar to post when he cracked a bone in the elbow of his left arm at the end of the fifth round. In the fourth his right hand landed on Leonard's head knocking it out of gear. Little did Leonard suspect that he was fighting a man with one hand and that almost gone, or else there might have been a different story. Malone and Dundee concealed the extent of Vaccarelli's injury perfectly, so much so that Tony went right on about his work as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

The judges and referee agreed on Tony as the winner. With many lucrative matches at his command, Tony was forced to stay on the sidelines for several weeks. Drs. Harrigan and Sugarman, friends of Dundee, extracted a chip off the bone by performing a miraculous operation, miraculous in that the arm became strong enough to allow him to start light training.

"I'll never fight Dundee for the title," said Vaccarelli to the writer in the presence of his mother, Mrs. Maggine Vaccarelli, in his sweet little home at 2026 First Avenue, the other day. "Dundee has been more than a father to me, and I never think whether I can beat him or not. There must be some principle in life.

"Let me tell you there isn't a man of his weight or inches that can beat Dundee. When he decides to hang up his gloves I will be ready to step in his shoes. I can beat all his challengers, one after the other."

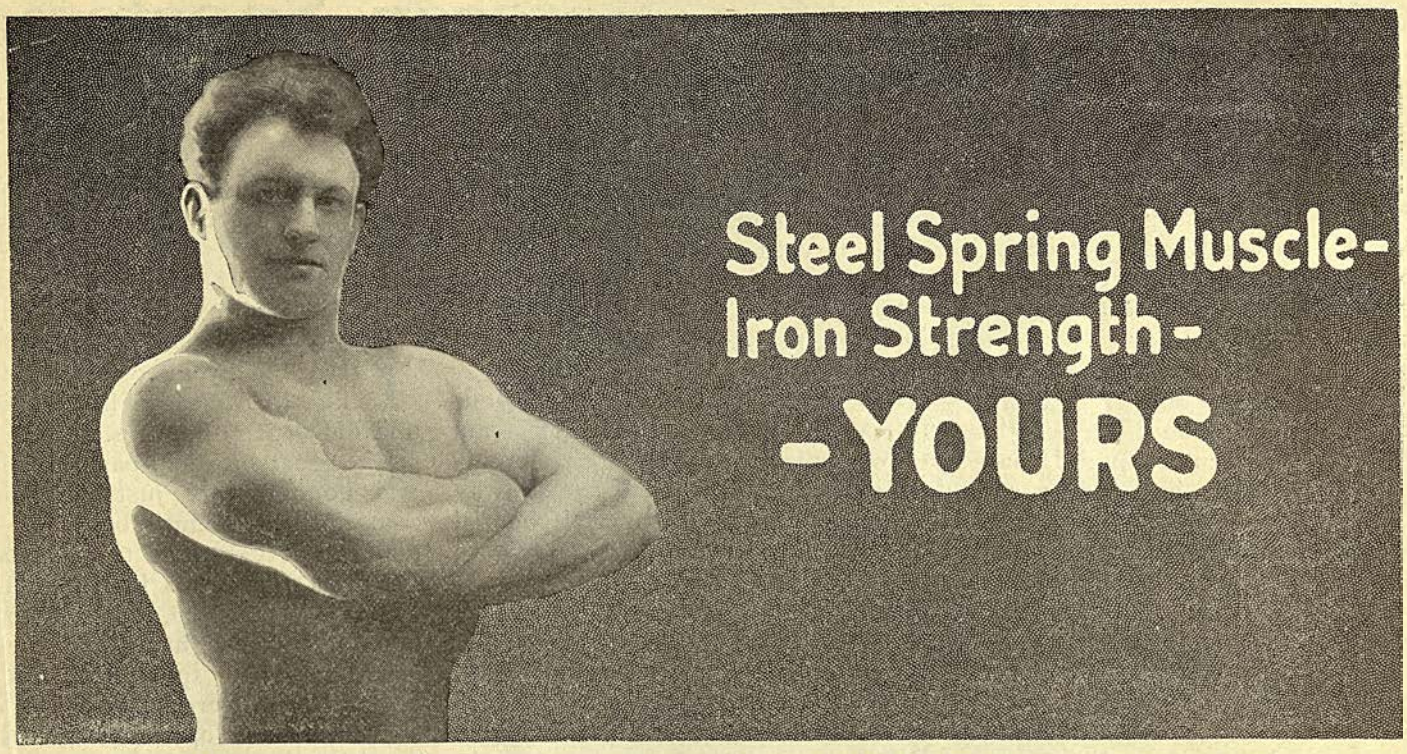
Vaccarelli comes of the Neapolitano stock in the Italian race. He is probably one of a very few Neapolitans in the fight game. The majority of them are Sicilians and Calabrese.

In his teens, Tony learned the first rudiments of defending himself fighting with the kids in the backyards of Harlem tenements. When he began to carve his career in the simon pures he scaled 98 pounds. He drove four horse market trucks in the early morning which helped to develop his hands.

Dominick Vaccarelli, his father, unlike other Italian parents, did not object to his youngest son fighting. In fact, he liked the idea very much and encouraged him. Tony joined St. Lucy's Catholic Club at No. 431 East 104th Street, which he represented in 100 or more scraps. He was crowned four-time titleholder—intercity, metropolitan, state and junior national. Among the best known rivals in the amateurs he trounced were Ben Nabors, Herman Singer, Sailor William Black, Joe White, Phil Briggs and Charley Morris.

Vaccarelli helped to condition Dundee for his memorable fight with Eugene Criqui at the Polo Grounds last summer when the so-called Scotch-Wop dethroned the French gamester as the world's featherweight champion. He also worked out with him for the Benny Leonard scrap which was cancelled.

Vaccarelli is the sole support of his mother and four younger sisters. "I'm going to see to it that the girls have the best education that money can buy," declared Tony. "I didn't get much, but my parents were poor." He also has a brother, faithful Jerry Vaccarelli, who helps train him when Dundee isn't around.



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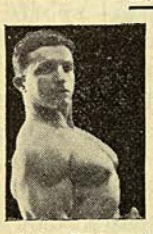

Andrew Passannant himself one of the world's strongest men--prize-winner in contests of strength--student of physical culture--tells how he was astonished at Breitbart's method--and how it surpasses previous methods.

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I have known of Breitbart for years. But I never before realized what a superb physical specimen he is. His feats of strength are astounding — unequalled! He drives nails through oak planks with his fists. He bends silver dollars between thumb and finger. He sustains more weight or lifts more than any living man. He bends steel bands around his arm like so much ribbon. And *as a young man he was a puny weakling.* For years Breitbart has kept his method secret. "Anyone who knows my method can do what I can," he says. But now he wants the world of men, hungry for strength, to know. He has made his fortune and he is satisfied. So now, gladly, he has divulged his secret—he makes known the simplest strength-building method ever devised. Yet it is the most positive, quickest and successful of all known systems.

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I have been a student of physical culture for years. I know the methods of every physical culture expert of any prominence in the country. They are all much alike. But here is a different, better method. Here is a system of strength and muscle building unlike anything I have ever seen. It has enabled Breitbart to become a superman. It has put inches on my own muscle. It has built rugged strength and power into even slightly built fellows who never had an idea they could become "strong men." There is no one so puny or weak whom Breitbart cannot help.

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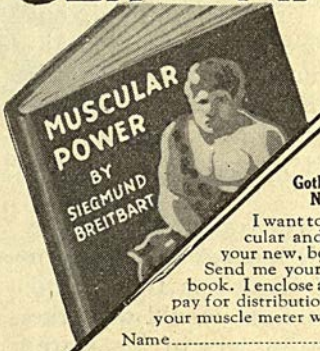

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Reminiscences of a Veteran Sportsman

By AL SPINK

Dean of American Boxing Critics

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PERHAPS the best part of the stories about the great fighters of the past is the description of the scenes and incidents that followed their various battles before and after. In my last installment I gave THE RING readers some inside facts of the incidents leading up to the great Sullivan-Ryan bout for the heavyweight title and in the present chapter I shall delve a little deeper into this great scrap.

It was winter when our little party left St. Louis on a Sunday night for New Orleans with the Sullivan-Ryan battle for the championship as our objective. There were less than a dozen in our party.

One of them was the veteran Tom Kelly, who had been engaged by Ryan as his chief second. Still another was Tom Allen, the ex-champion. Traveling with us incognito, were Judge Edward A. Noonan, afterwards Mayor of St. Louis, and Frank Watkins, chief of the St. Louis detective force.

The latter was going south to locate certain individuals wanted in St. Louis and who were expected at the fight. My brother William and myself were the only newspaper representatives from St. Louis on the train or at the fight.

* * *

WHEN we left St. Louis it was a frightfully cold day and snow covered the ground. When we reached New Orleans two days later, much to our surprise, the roses were in bloom. But all there, even those on the inside, expressed ignorance as to just where the fight would take place. That was kept a secret to avoid possible interference.

On the night before, word went the rounds that the battle was to be fought near Pass Christian, Mississippi, out on the Louisville and Nashville Railway. That seemed the right tip for the fight crowd moved toward the station of that line and boarded the long train they found in waiting upon arrival.

On the train we were told that the fighters and their managers had given the Governor of Louisiana their word of honor that the fight would not take place within the borders of his state.

At Pass Christian, the fight train came to a sudden halt with militia surrounding it and their commander making a speech in which he declared the fight should not take place there nor at Bay St. Louis, a little farther on. He hinted that he had soldiers enough to take care of us that far. What might happen a little later he did not seem to care much about.

With standing orders, perhaps, our engineer threw on a full head of steam and we sailed through and past cordons of soldiers that lined the railway tracks in the small towns and cheered us as we flew by to show they were with us in spirit.

* * *

JUST seventy miles out from New Orleans we hit Mississippi City. It was then a little town on the border of the Gulf of Mexico, in Mississippi, where on a pretty piece of turf in front of the Barnes Hotel, then the leading hostelry of the town, the 24 foot ring in which Sully and Ryan were to battle stood out in full view in all its virgin strength and newness.

A great cry went up from the crowd that swarmed off the long train in droves as it now realized that this was really the place. Then a moment later hundreds stood in silence and gazed in wonder and awe at the wonderful scene.

The sun, coming up out of a clear sky, gave a golden tinge to the gray water of the Gulf of Mexico which lay near the ringside and a wonderful color to the beautiful foliage, prominent and plenty in every direction.

Near the ring a great oak tree that seemed to have been planted there for this special occasion, was loaded down with young and old who had come early to get a view of something they felt deep down in their hearts would be worth seeing at even risk of neck and limb.

The men in charge had sure enough picked a beautiful and romantic spot for the fight of the century and the hand of nature seemed to be at work with them.

It was that time in Spring, when the far South is at her best. The flowers were in full bloom, roses, violets and forget-me-nots vieing with each other in their beauty and fragrance. The birds were even joyous and from the near-by woods, the mocking birds awakened by the noise of the fancy, were singing their lullabies of welcome.

The tout-ensemble of the stage setting was perfection itself and its managers deserved the patronage which came to view the programme they had prepared for it.

* * *

THIS 1882 year was the dividing line in American life in the new and old order of things.

The great sports of baseball, billiards and boxing were just beginning to come into the tremendous wide-spread popularity that came to them later.

Horse racing was just beginning to come into its own, but bear-baiting, dog- and cock-fighting and the other cruel so-called sports of the more ancient days, were being wiped out in even the widest open and lawless communities.

The so-called common people, in opposition to the old conservatives, were coming into their own and the liberals in many places were standing out in favor of a broader and more generous spirit in the treatment of all manly sports. But even with these liberals, fighting with the bare fists was looked on as one of the cruel sports whose days were numbered and soon to end.

That was the year the first American Association came into the baseball field with the Sunday games as the chief plank in its platform. This proved an opening wedge in the ultra conservative ranks, denounced at first but which proved in the end the savior of the national game. It brought to its fields a new clientele and furnished enjoyment, good health and better bodies to the lowly, who, with the new leagues forming, were given their real place on God's earth where the sport babbled of green fields and sunshine and a new day of health and pleasure to the factory and store worker and to all the youth of the land.

It was the year when tuberculosis, typhoid and those other diseases which came from close confinement in the crowded work shop and factory were given their first real hard blow and that the new physician was prescribing outdoor exercise, sunshine and pure air on all days of the week, especially on Sunday. This was in direct opposition to the old practitioner, who, until then, worked with the corner druggist in all things and prospered with him until the new order in 1882 took the place of the old.

AT this time Horace Greeley, the great editor of the New York Tribune, had coined a word that appeared to cover the fight crowd. He called them "The Fancy."

The name was intended to cover all who attended the bare fist prize fights.

This included among others the business and professional men who went to the battles for recreation and adventure, the leaders in the racing, billiard, baseball and other sports of that day who followed all the great battles and who were at that time always conspicuous at the ringside and the rowdies and toughs who derived the best part of their living at election time, when the bare fist was trump at every election booth and polling place.

I call to mind two noted followers of the ring in that early day, "One-eyed" Connolly of Chicago, the original one-eyed gate crasher, and Bob Farrell of St. Louis. They went to every battle without a penny in their pockets, rode in the best cushioned seats, ate and drank the best in the land, and when the fun started they were conspicuous by their presence in the front row and loquacious more than any others in predicting how the battle would terminate.

John L. referred to these gate crashers as "pests" but he was always the first to stake them and to encourage them in their ways and means of obtaining the good things in life without working for them.

At all the great fights at this far day "The Fancy" was in its element and its toughest members, many of them with a price on their heads, were on these various battle grounds immune from arrest or annoyance of any sort. Between these ring followers, good and bad, there appeared a free masonry and a gentleman's agreement, that on such occasions they should not only be immune for past or present crimes, but that each should share his last dollar with his less fortunate comrade and then some.

* * *

CRIMINALS who appeared beyond the pale of the law, many of them a terror to their communities, men with reputations of being quick with the knife and the gun, were on hand to see the big bouts no matter where they were staged.

At this time, when prize fighting in all states was looked upon as criminal and felonious, and where spectators were declared under the law as guilty as the principals, these outlaws were in their element and conspicuous always at the ring side at every important battle. The Sullivan-Ryan bout proved no exception. Besides the elite of the sporting world, every rough and tough follower of boxing was present, including the notorious Jesse James. Imagine yourself rubbing elbows with this element and picture to yourself the beautiful scenery above described, then add to this the tense feeling of expectation which naturally was ours while awaiting the gong of battle, and you have the setting for what we might well term the first "Battle of the Century."

Paddy Ryan's Flag.

[*Editor's Note—In the next chapter Mr. Spink in his wonderful descriptive style will tell of the ringside incidents preceding the great Sullivan-Ryan bout.*]

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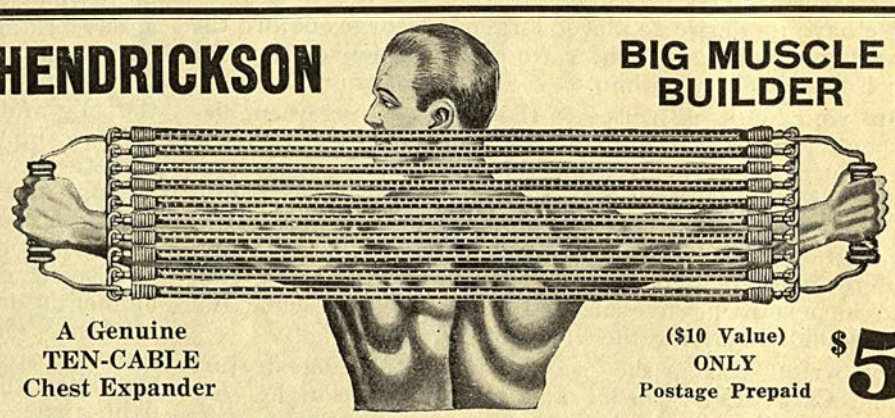

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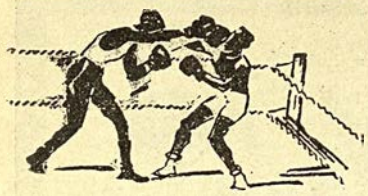
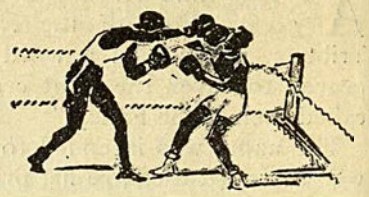


As We See It

Crisp Comment on Current Ring Problems

By NAT FLEISCHER
Publisher and Editor of THE RING



GEORGES CARPENTIER is at it again!

This French war hero and veteran ring artist, for the sixth time in his career, has created an international dispute, the latest caused by Georges' claim of foul in his bout with Gene Tunney at the Polo Grounds on July 24.

Carpentier, the actor, the keen manipulator of stage craft, the shrewd, tricky boxer who has fooled thousands of ring followers in the past, almost succeeded in making the gullible American public fall for his ruse, when, with a facial expression depicting extreme agony, he tried in vain to impress upon Referee Andy Griffin that he had been hit in the groin by Tunney and should be awarded the fight.

Carpentier is a game and picturesque fighter, a marvellous boxer, a showman of the highest calibre and for that we pay him our respects and admire him.

We admire his wonderful exhibition of gameness in that hectic tenth round in which there were more thrills than in the great Firpo-Dempsey contest, but that admiration extends only to the point where Referee Griffin stepped in and stopped the fight only to have Carpentier shove him aside and resume hostilities at the furious pace of a cornered tiger.

We repeat—at this point our admiration for Georges Carpentier as a fighter ceases and thenceforth it is an admiration for a great actor who plays his part to a degree just a point beyond propriety and then ceases to be the beaten gladiator when he finds that he has stretched his acting a bit too far and stands ready to lose the fight through interception of the referee.

* * * * *

Overplayed His Part

WE have no desire to take any credit away from this picturesque actor.

We have no desire to injure his standing in the boxing world.

We have no desire to place Gorgeous Georges before the American public as a fighter who fails to deliver that for which the public pays him.

But we cannot, in justice to those whose money enables Carpentier and other topnotchers to carry away fortunes, fail to bring to their attention the fact that Georges overplayed his acting in the tenth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds and might have carried his point to a successful termination but for the fact that in Andy Griffin he found a referee who knew his business, this despite Andy's loss of head in permitting five men to be in the ring when the gong sounded starting the fifteenth round.

The writer was in the second row of the ringside just behind Carpentier's corner and in that position he saw every blow that was landed.

As THE RING has received many letters asking what our version of the alleged foul is, we shall go on record with the following:

Carpentier was neither fouled by Tunney's blow nor by Tunney's knee. A left to the pit of the stomach turned the trick that caused Georges to yell his customary and his most perfectly pronounced English word "Foul."

Seeing that he could not win by fair means, Carpentier and his wily manager took the next best steps to pull a victory out of the fire, but in this they were frustrated through the honesty of a capable ring official, Andy Griffin.

THAT Carpentier and his manager realized after twenty-four hours of thinking that they had erred in trying to pull the wool over the eyes of the scribes and capable officials was in evidence when they issued a statement the day after the fight to the effect that it was not a foul blow that caused the trouble but Tunney's knee. Yet during the turmoil that followed the alleged foul, Carpentier and Descamps repeatedly kept yelling that Tunney's left had struck Georges in the groin thereby disabling him.

In our opinion, Georges should make good his promise and retire. He has taken to France sufficient of the American dollars to keep him on easy street for the rest of his life. The American public has seen enough of his picturesque poses and his flashy right and wants no more of his cries of foul. It wants no more of his tricky, wily manager, either.

* * * * *

Joe Vila's Comment

JUST by way of illustrating that Carpentier's ruse in the Tunney battle is nothing new in his ring career, we quote an excellent article written by Joe Vila, sports editor of The Sun, of New York, one of the greatest and most informed sports writer in America:

"Two important rules of boxing were violated during the sensational glove fight.

"The moment Griffin arrived at the conclusion that Carpentier had received sufficient punishment to warrant interference in the tenth round Tunney should have been declared the winner. The referee, clothed with absolute power to enforce his rulings, should have compelled Carpentier to stop milling against overwhelming odds. But instead, the Frenchman refused to abide by the referee's decision, thereby making a joke of so-called constituted authority, also creating the impression that the presiding official lacked nerve to assert himself.

"It was in the fourteenth round that the rules of the sport again were broken. Receiving a powerful left in the pit of the stomach, Carpentier fell to his knees in apparent agony, claiming that he had been struck in the groin. Before the timekeeper rang the gong to indicate the ending of the round, Carpentier's second, Descamps jumped into the ring and rushed to his assistance.

"Descamps lost the fight for his fellow countryman then and there. He committed a foul when he clambered through the ropes to persuade the referee that Carpentier had been hit below the belt. Yet the referee failed to give the verdict to the American, which, according to the letter and spirit of the rules, he should have done without a moment's delay.

"Also, contrary to the rules, Descamps was inside the ropes before the referee finally stopped the proceedings in the fifteenth period, when Carpentier, still groaning with pain, answered the bell and feebly put up his hands.

"Up to Carpentier's claim of foul, Tunney had won all the way, fighting cleanly and smartly. Hence the prevalent opinion yesterday that the American justly was entitled to a well earned victory.

* * * * *

Alleged Foul Blow a Live Topic

"IF Carpentier wasn't fouled he surely was a great actor," said one of the oldest ring followers yesterday. This comment was made by many other ring sharps who viewed the battle from seats just outside of the ropes. The referee's contention that no foul had been

committed was sustained by the physician of the Cromwell A. C., who made a careful examination of the Frenchman in the dressing room twenty minutes after the bout.

"What was the motive, if any, for claiming foul. Surely Carpentier wasn't anxious to show the white feather after taking Tunney's unmerciful beating in the tenth round. But if the referee had allowed the claim, Carpentier would have been the official winner, and sporting men who had laid 3 to 1 against him would have sustained heavy losses.

"Was Descamps at the bottom of a hurried plan to furnish an alibi for the Frenchman's certain defeat? Carpentier's ring record includes battles which have ended in confusion. Seconded by Descamps, Georges won on a foul from one Salmon back in 1908. Two years later he whipped Young Warner in the same way.

"Frank Klaus defeated him on a foul in 1912, while in 1914 Carpentier won from Gunboat Smith when the latter was disqualified by an English referee for hitting the Frenchman, who was down, a decision that was roundly scored.

"Knocked out by Battling Siki two years ago, Descamps set up a wail that Carpentier wasn't fit. Siki, on the other hand, announced that he had 'double crossed' the European idol, after agreeing to 'lay down.'

"Keeping these incidents in mind, therefore, Referee Griffin probably concluded that the claim of foul against Tunney was another trick hatched by the wily Descamps either to save Carpentier's reputation or to accomplish something else."

* * * * *

What Gunboat Smith Says

ALSO, of interest, is an article written for the New York American by Gunboat Smith, one of the victims of Carpentier's yell of "Foul." Gunboat is a splendid judge of fighters and his words are worth while weighing. Here they are:

When Georges Carpentier went down in that tenth round of his fight with Gene Tunney he wasn't hurt. He was stalling. Don't let any one tell you differently. I know Carpentier better than he knows himself. Here's why he took that Brodie:

"He had been swinging that right hand like a gate in a windstorm, but he couldn't get it over just right. He figured out a different plan of battle as he sat in his corner between the ninth and tenth rounds. He said to himself:

" 'Georges, old boy, you're going to lose this fight if you don't land the old jaw breaker.'

"Then he used his 'nut.' He stepped into a light left lead, and went down on his back with a fine flop. He wasn't hurt a bit. He took a count of nine, and then came up doing a groggy act that may have fooled Tunney, but it didn't fool the old gunner. Not a bit did it fool me. Then he takes another punch, this one on the arms, and down he goes again.

"He was up a bit before nine this time and starts doing a Leon Errol again. He had Andy Griffin, the referee, fooled to a fare-thee-well. Andy steps in and pushes Carpentier away and calls the fight off.

"Ah, but Carpentier isn't reeling around now, is he? I should say not. He didn't mean to go so far as to fool Griffin. He has overstepped himself and must do some more quick thinking. There's one thing about that Frenchman—his noodle is always working.

"In a flash those wabbly legs become as sturdy as the rock of Gibraltar. He no longer has his hands wrapped around his head protecting his jaw. Instead he steps forward with plenty of snap and vim and starts shooting hard and straight for Tunney's jaw. At the bell he has Tunney against the ropes.

"True, Georges went down after the bell rang. But it was from a slip as he turned quickly to go to his corner.

"No, that Frenchman didn't fool the old gunner one bit."

What Experts Had to Say

WHILE the boxing critics of New York, and included in this batch are the leaders of the profession, in their reports of the fight lauded the courage of Carpentier in the tenth round, their verdict on the ending, almost unanimously fails to support the claim of Georges that he was fouled either by Tunney's blow or by Tunney's knee. In fact, some of the leaders, in veiled sentences, declare that Georges quit when he saw that Tunney would be the victor.

This opinion is also expressed by the writer, who, sitting at the ringside, saw Tunney sink a terrific blow into George's stomach just as Carpentier was crowding Gene into a neutral corner. The blow in my opinion was a fair one and to me it seemed that Carpentier once more was playing to the gallery in an effort to win its sympathy and with it an unearned victory. He did not need the sympathy, as his wonderfully courageous stand in the tenth had made him the popular hero and there was scarcely a person in that throng of 35,000 who was not rooting for him; but the victory he did need.

Furthermore, I called the attention of Ike Dorgan, famous sports critic and publicity manager for Tex Rickard, to the action of Monsieur Descamps, who deliberately stuck his knee into Carpentier's cup when the wily, tricky manager of the French fighter leaped into the ring to claim a foul for Georges. We were sitting alongside of Descamps. Frank Daly, well-known sportsman, was among the ringsiders who can verify this statement of the writer.

Here is what other experts have to say on the ending of the bout:

* * * * * *

Andy Griffin, Official Referee—"He wasn't fouled; don't be fooled by his great acting. He was just playing to the galleries. Tunney smashed a right hook to the body which raised Carpentier's feet off the ground. It was as clean a blow as I've ever seen landed."

* * * * * *

Dr. Walker, Official Physician—"There wasn't the slightest sign on Carpentier's body of a foul blow having been struck. The blow that ended the fight was as pretty a solar plexus punch as I've ever seen. My examination disclosed the fact that Tunney won the bout on the level. There wasn't the slightest mark on Carpentier's body indicating the foul he claimed."

* * * * * *

George B. Underwood, N. Y. Evening Telegram-Mail—"The punch that decided the issue in Tunney's favor was low, driving Carpentier's aluminum protector into his groin, yet, paradoxical as it may seem, the blow was fair."

* * * * * *

Francis Albertanti, N. Y. Evening Telegram-Mail—"Tunney neither hit Carpentier low with the hand or the knee. The blow was a terrific right that appeared to land in the pit of the stomach. There was no foul."

* * * * * *

Ed Hughes, N. Y. Evening Telegram-Mail—"I was not in a position to see the blow struck as Tunney's back was turned towards me. But let us not forget that the names of Descamps and Carpentier have been synonymous with them since Georges first went in the ring. Descamps, the second, is probably the most capable, shrewd second in the ring today. The claim of 'foul' has been one of his pet themes. Sometimes he has been favored; sometimes not. One cannot always snare the smile of the gods."

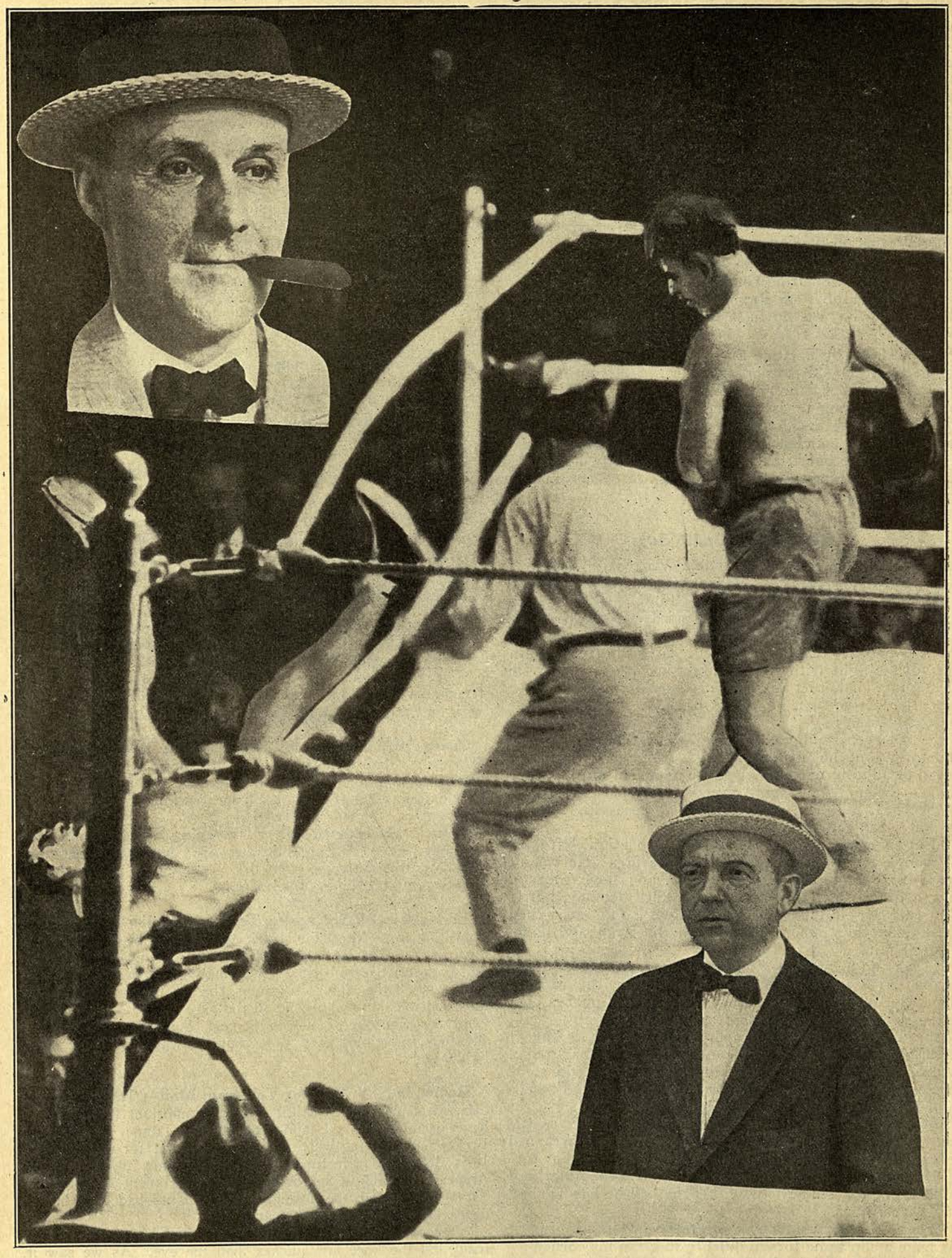
* * * * * *

Daniel, in N. Y. Evening Telegram-Mail—"In the general excitement over the so-called foul one important fact seems to have been overlooked, and that is that Tunney handed the Frenchman a lacing which he will not forget for many a day. It is decidedly unfortunate that the brilliant success of the American should be beclouded by the turbulent denouement. Tunney trounced the foreign heavyweight—had him beaten decisively before the debate came up.

"One cannot be too sure as to what had happened, for the hand and the knee are quicker than the eye. As we saw it,

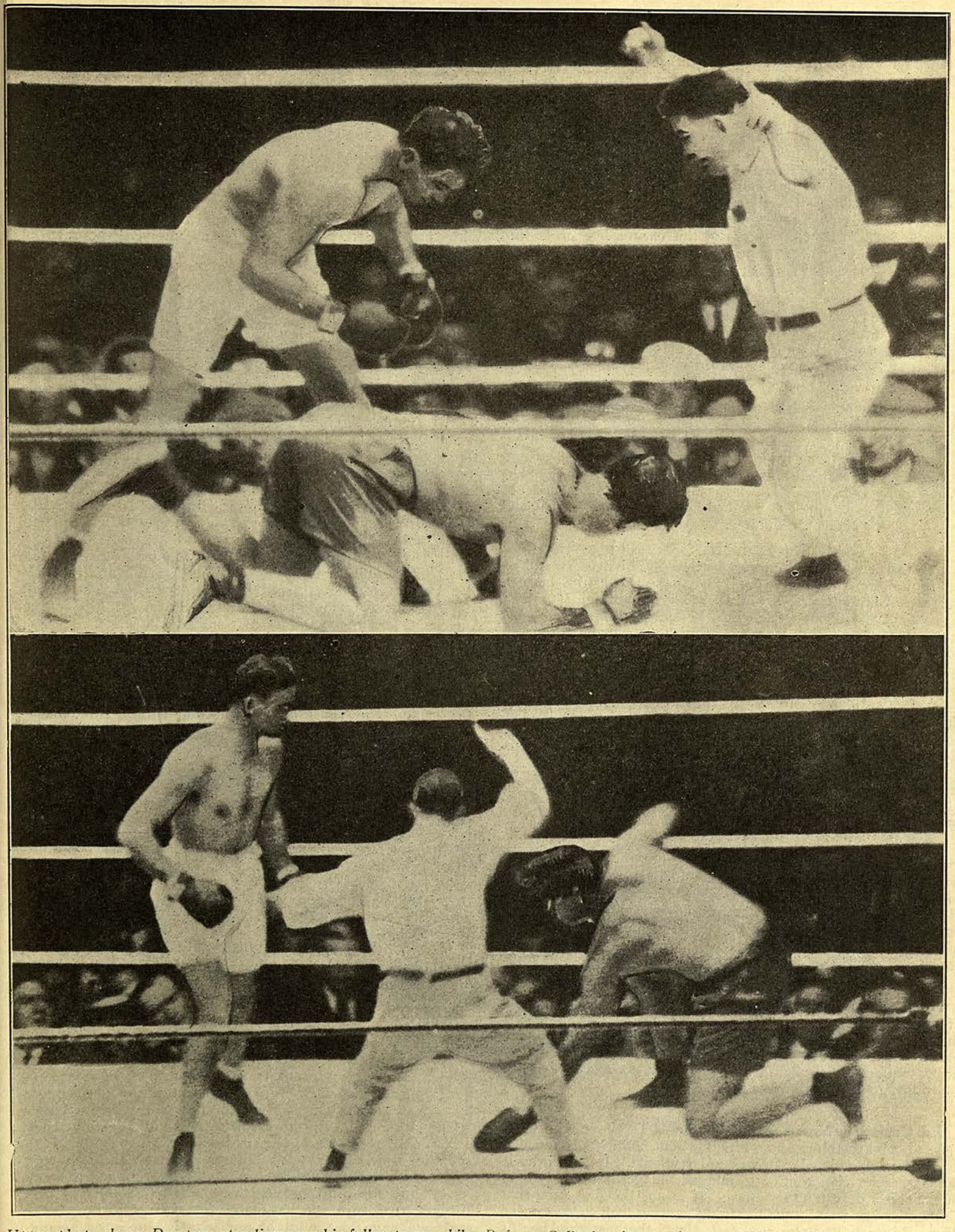
(*Continued on page* 24)

Most Thrilling Scene in Firpo's Last Appearance Here



The greatest thrill furnished fight fans since the day Corbett knocked out Sullivan was given to them when Firpo knocked Dempsey through the ropes and almost won the world's title. The above shows Dempsey out of the ring. Upper Insert—Tex Rickard, promoter of fight. Lower Insert—Frank Flournoy, matchmaker.

Will Wills Duplicate Dempsey's Feat?



Upper photo shows Dempsey standing over his fallen prey, while Referee Gallagher is counting over Firpo. Firpo gamely arose only to be floored again, as shown in lower photo. Here again Dempsey is violating the Queensberry rules by failing to give Firpo an opportunity to rise.

AS WE SEE IT

(*Continued from page* 21)

Tunney landed his right to the pit of the stomach—landed it on French territory as fair as the purplish face of the wilted orchid. If Tunney's knee came up to Carpentier's groin we did not see it."

* * * * * *

Ed Van Every, in Evening World—"For one thing, if Georges had been struck in the groin with a blow of such terrific force as the one delivered by Tunney his legs would have buckled up under him and they would have been paralyzed so he would not have been able to drag himself to the center of the ring as he did when the bell clanged for the fifteenth round. We have seen so many accidents of this nature, both in boxing and baseball, and are even permitted to express an opinion based on personal experience, we know whereof we speak."

* * * * * *

W. O. McGeehan, in the Herald-Tribune—"As a fighter Carpentier was glorious. As an actor he was a little shy of being convincing, though he gave the fouling scene with an utter lack of repression after the best tragic school."

* * * * * *

Igoe, in the Morning World—"Only two men can tell you the story of that blow—Carpentier, who says it hit him low, and Tunney, who says it was a clean smack to the pit of the stomach. I can't decide it. The referee didn't see a foul, else he would have awarded the bout to Carpentier then and there. Dr. Walker, the Commission official, said that Carpentier had not been fouled. I think that ought to settle the matter. At any rate it is a knockout for Tunney.

* * * * * *

Sid Mercer, in the Evening Journal—"Toward the end of the round Tunney broke ground and, as he pressed his back to the ropes, Carpentier rushed in. He seemed to straddle Tunney's leg, but there was no visible evidence that Gene brought up his knee. The Frenchman backed off with a pained expression, pointed to Tunney's knee, bent over and sank to a kneeling position."

* * * * * *

Fred Keats, in the Daily Mirror—"Tunney shot a right to the stomach. Carp rushed to close quarters and Tunney hooked a left to the body. Carp went down, claiming a foul. He was carried to his corner, pretending to be in great pain. Manager Descamps called for the referee to examine Carp, who remained doubled up in his corner. Carp came out demanding to fight, but Gene paid no attention to him and the referee waved Carp away."

* * * * * *

New York Times—"What really seemed to have happened was that Carpentier rushed Tunney against the ropes in the fourteenth round and was struck in the groin by Tunney's knee. He dropped over in distress and no effort was made to count. In a way it was regrettable that he had to finish as he did, for his injury will always be questioned, coming as it has on the heels of a similar one in Michigan City."

* * * * * *

Harry Newman, in Daily News—"There was a variance of opinion among the 50,000 spectators, but for the most part they appeared satisfied that Tunney had struck a fair blow, and even if there had been a low blow it was unintentional and in no way affected the result. It was a great act and looked like a corking good spot to make an out."

* * * * * *

Ed. Curley, in New York American—"To those who were close at hand the blow was a little low, but nothing as damaging as Carpentier claimed. It was unintentional. It looked as if the Carpentier clan wanted to take advantage of the only way of changing defeat into victory. It is not the first time that Carpentier has won by the lightning figuring of his clever manager. If such was the case last night, the fast thinking of Descamps went for naught."

Are Olympics Worth While?

THERE is strong agitation abroad, particularly in England, to do away with the Olympic games in general and the boxing tournament in particular. This movement is the result of the scandalous occurrences at the recent competition in Paris, which proved a wild affair both in the ring and among the spectators. Our Gallic cousins take their sport entirely too seriously and inject personalities into the fray with utter abandon. The decisions of the officials were hissed and booed.

The national anthems of foreign nations, particularly our own Star Spangled Banner, were drowned out by the hoots of hoodlums. One of the French middleweights, when punished by an English boxer, chewed a chunk out of the Briton's chest. Sport!

The disorders at the Velodrome d'Hiver, where the ring was pitched, were duplicated at the Olympic rugby tournament, at the track and field games and other competitions. The Olympics are designed to improve international friendship, but apparently in many cases they do just the opposite.

Still, with all the disorders at Paris, it would be unfair to condemn the Olympic games just because a lot of stock yards hoodlums hissed and hooted and fought with visitors. It would be just as foolish to counsel the abolition of the National League because some guttersnipes threw a few pop bottles at visiting players in Chicago. It behooves the sporting bodies and the press of France to improve the sporting attitude of the populace. Of course, there are many who could not be improved by any educational means. Such persons ought to be taken care of by the police.

The Olympics are not going to be held in Paris all the time. They will come to Holland, at Amsterdam, in 1928. The Dutch are quiet, sportsmanlike people. They will come to Los Angeles, in the United States, in 1932. The Americans are fine winners and splendid losers.

By all means let the Olympic competitions be continued.

* * * * *

Amateur Heavies Not Up to Snuff

EVER since the days of John C. Heenan America has ruled the roost in world competition for heavyweights in professional boxing. It has reigned supreme in nearly all of the other classes, too. However, we have yet to bring out an Olympic heavyweight champion. In the recent tournament at Paris the United States suffered a boxing relapse.

While it won the team championship, it took only two of the eight titles, as against three in the Olympics at Antwerp in 1920. Four years ago we won with Genaro in the flyweights, Mossberg in the lightweights and Eagan in the light heavies. This time we won with Labarba in the flyweight class and Fields in the bantamweight division. England was the only other nation to take two titles.

We sent over a couple of good looking heavyweights in Greathouse and Madeira, but they failed badly. They could not box with the big fellows of Europe and went out rather early. The championship was won by Porap, a Norwegian.

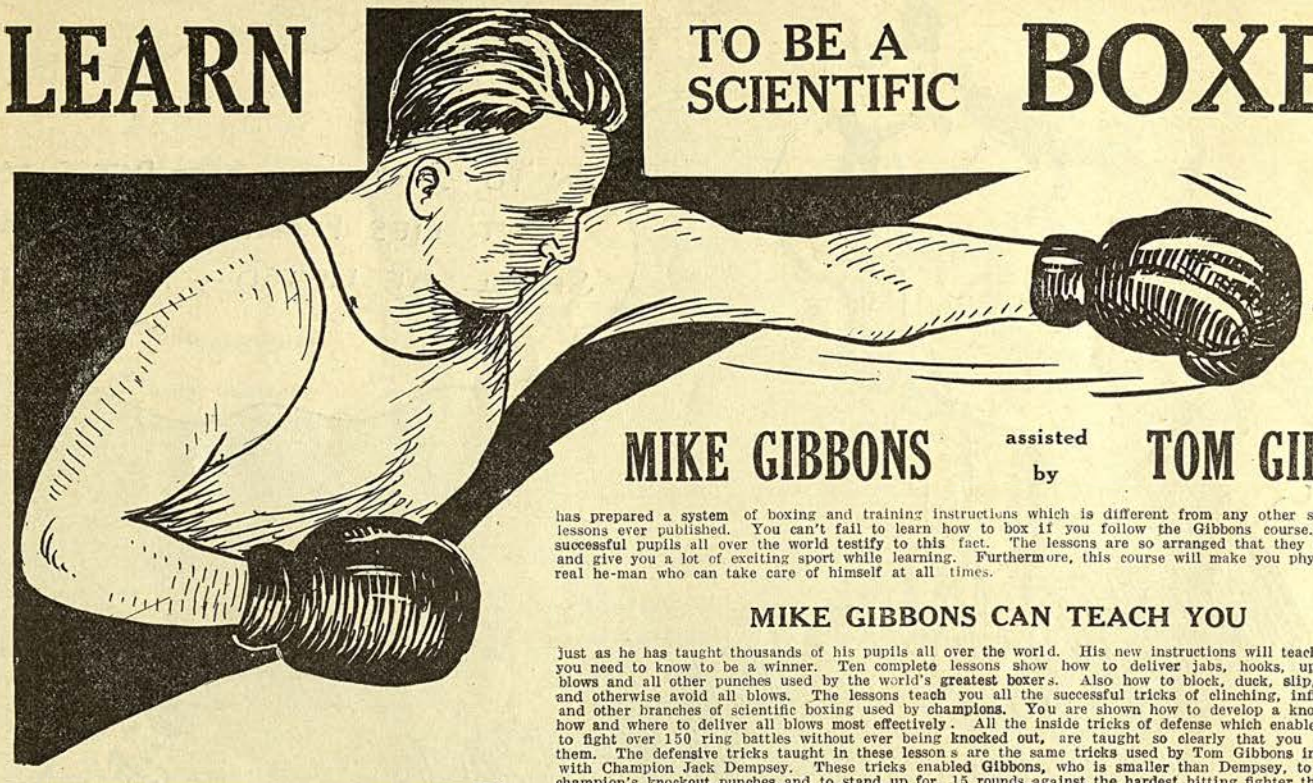
* * * * *

Good Amateurs, Poor Pros

PERHAPS this forecasts the appearance of a heavyweight contender from Continental Europe, outside of France, which has yet to show the world a boxer of true class. The Europeans win Olympic titles, but they don't seem to get far in the professional ring.

Our let down in amateur boxing is due to the fact that the professional ring's lure is so strong. It's hard to keep a good boy fighting for medals while his friends of less skill get real coin of the realm for their efforts. As a result we have lost a lot of our prestige in international amateur boxing.

LEARN TO BE A SCIENTIFIC BOXER



and HOW to TRAIN Right

MIKE GIBBONS assisted by TOM GIBBONS

has prepared a system of boxing and training instructions which is different from any other system of boxing lessons ever published. You can't fail to learn how to box if you follow the Gibbons course. Thousands of successful pupils all over the world testify to this fact. The lessons are so arranged that they make you learn, and give you a lot of exciting sport while learning. Furthermore, this course will make you physically fit and a real he-man who can take care of himself at all times.

MIKE GIBBONS CAN TEACH YOU

just as he has taught thousands of his pupils all over the world. His new instructions will teach you everything you need to know to be a winner. Ten complete lessons show how to deliver jabs, hooks, uppercuts, counter blows and all other punches used by the world's greatest boxers. Also how to block, duck, slip, parry, sidestep and otherwise avoid all blows. The lessons teach you all the successful tricks of clinching, infighting, feinting and other branches of scientific boxing used by champions. You are shown how to develop a knockout punch and how and where to deliver all blows most effectively. All the inside tricks of defense which enabled Mike Gibbons to fight over 150 ring battles without ever being knocked out, are taught so clearly that you can easily learn them. The defensive tricks taught in these lessons are the same tricks used by Tom Gibbons in his great fight with Champion Jack Dempsey. These tricks enabled Gibbons, who is smaller than Dempsey, to avoid the world champion's knockout punches and to stand up for 15 rounds against the hardest hitting fighter the world has ever known. Tom Gibbons learned these tricks from his brother Mike Gibbons. You can learn these same tricks from Mike Gibbons' lessons. How to defeat fellows who are bigger and stronger than you by means of science.

PICTURES SPECIALLY POSED FOR BY MIKE AND TOM GIBBONS SHOW CLEARLY HOW TO PERFORM EVERY MOVE.

The photos in the lessons are four times larger than the one shown below.

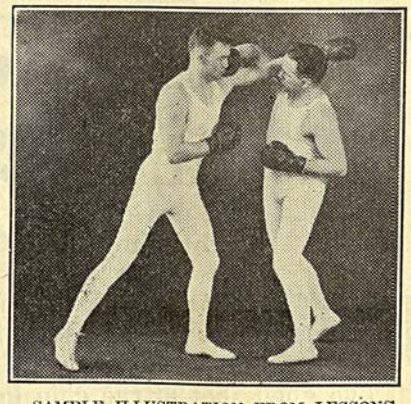
HOW TO TRAIN

The course contains a complete schedule of training for boxing. Shows you how to do road work and gym workouts, shadow boxing, rope skipping, how to strengthen stomach, punch the bag, build up all muscles and develop wind and speed. Also how to take weight off without going stale, what to eat, how to tape hands, etc. The course tells just what a boxer must do from the first day of training up to the time of a bout. Seconds are taught how to properly handle a boxer in a bout, and the latest complete boxing rules are given. Expert information on preparing for bout. Illustrated with pictures especially posed by Mike Gibbons.

EARN $50,000 A YEAR AND MORE

Let Mike Gibbons Show You How

Good boxers now earn more money than ever before. Jack Dempsey will probably earn a million dollars this year. Other champions make up to $500,000 a year. Any high-class boxer can make $50,000 a year. You may have the makings of a champion or topnotch boxer and earn a fortune with your fists. Mike Gibbons' lessons will teach you the stuff that will help make you a topnotcher who can demand and get big money for boxing.



SAMPLE ILLUSTRATION FROM LESSONS
Mike Gibbons slipping inside a left jab led by Tom Gibbons and countering with right cross to jaw.

EASY TO LEARN

The instructions are easy to understand. Anybody who can read these lines can follow them. Plain words tell you how to do it and the photos show how it is done so clearly that you can't go wrong. The lessons are for both amateurs and professionals. Everything from the first simple principles to the most advanced points of scientific boxing is in the lessons. A few minutes' practice daily will make you an expert boxer and hard hitter in a short time. From these lessons you can learn in a few weeks what it would take you years to learn by your own experience. If you learn how to box scientifically at the start you will get ahead faster. Many a promising boxer's career has been cut short because he did not know the stuff that would have made him a champion.

The price of these courses is "How to Box"—$1.00, and "How to Train"—$1.00.

SENT C. O. D.

TOM GIBBONS SAYS:

The success I have achieved in the ring has been due chiefly to the teaching and training in the science of boxing that I got from my brother, Mike. I am sure that if I had not had the benefit of his teaching, I would have had a much harder time getting to the point where I could be a contender for the heavyweight championship of the world, and I might never had got that far. The science he taught me when I was starting my boxing career saved me from a lot of beatings and enable me to defeat scores of tough, hard-hitting fighters. I would never have been able to go 15 rounds with Jack Dempsey if it hadn't been for the things I learned from Mike.

What Some Pupils Say:

Your course is the best I ever saw. One needs no other instructor to learn how to box. He can learn all about it from your course.
—C. Pierce, Heber, Calif.

* * *

I sure like the way you explain your stuff in your boxing course. I got some kick out of practicing the lessons. I have made a punching dummy the way you describe and find it great to practice and develop punches on.
—James A. Wade, U. S. Navy.

* * *

Your boxing course has improved my boxing wonderfully. I have corrected many faults in my style. I have developed my left so that I can jab and hook with it as good as with my right. Your training course also has put me in fine health and the best physical condition I ever was in.
—Frank Donaldson, Ottawa, Ill.

* * *

Your course is the most wonderful I have ever seen. It teaches me more about boxing than any private instructor ever did. I have developed a good left jab and a hard right hook from practicing the way you teach.
—Leonard Down, Plymouth, Pa.

* * *

I am very well pleased with your course in boxing and training. I find that it is valuable not only from a boxing standpoint, but also in training other athletic teams.
—H. L. Sebring, Athletic Director,
University of Florida.

* * *

I am glad to say that your course in boxing and physical development has done more for me than any gymnasium I have attended. It was the best investment I could ever make and I want to thank you.
—L. C. Tobin, New York City.

* * *

I found your course wonderful and so interesting I lost no time in starting to learn how to box from it. The illustrations make the lessons easy to learn. I am very well satisfied.
—Ah Tin, Honolulu, Hawaii.

* * *

Send me two more of your complete courses on How to Box and How to Train. This makes four sets of courses I got from you and I only wish I had them a few years ago as my fighters are improving every day from your books.
—T. J. Pedano,
Manager of Boxers, Fayette City, Pa.

* * *

I received your boxing and training course and was surprised at what I got for my money as I think they are worth many times the amount I paid for them. I found out that my way of boxing was all wrong. Your lessons are just as easy to learn as if you were here teaching me yourself.
—H. Robinson, New York City.

CUT THIS OUT

Fill in your name and address written plainly and mail it to Mike Gibbons, Dept. R, Gibbons' Gymnasium, St. Paul, Minn. You will get one or both courses, whichever you order, by return mail. When the mailman hands you your course pay him $1.00 for one course or $2.00 for both courses, plus a few cents postage. Try the lessons out for a week and if you are not satisfied return them and you will get your money back.

(If you prefer, pin your payment in currency, money order or check to this coupon and course will be sent you without additional charge.)

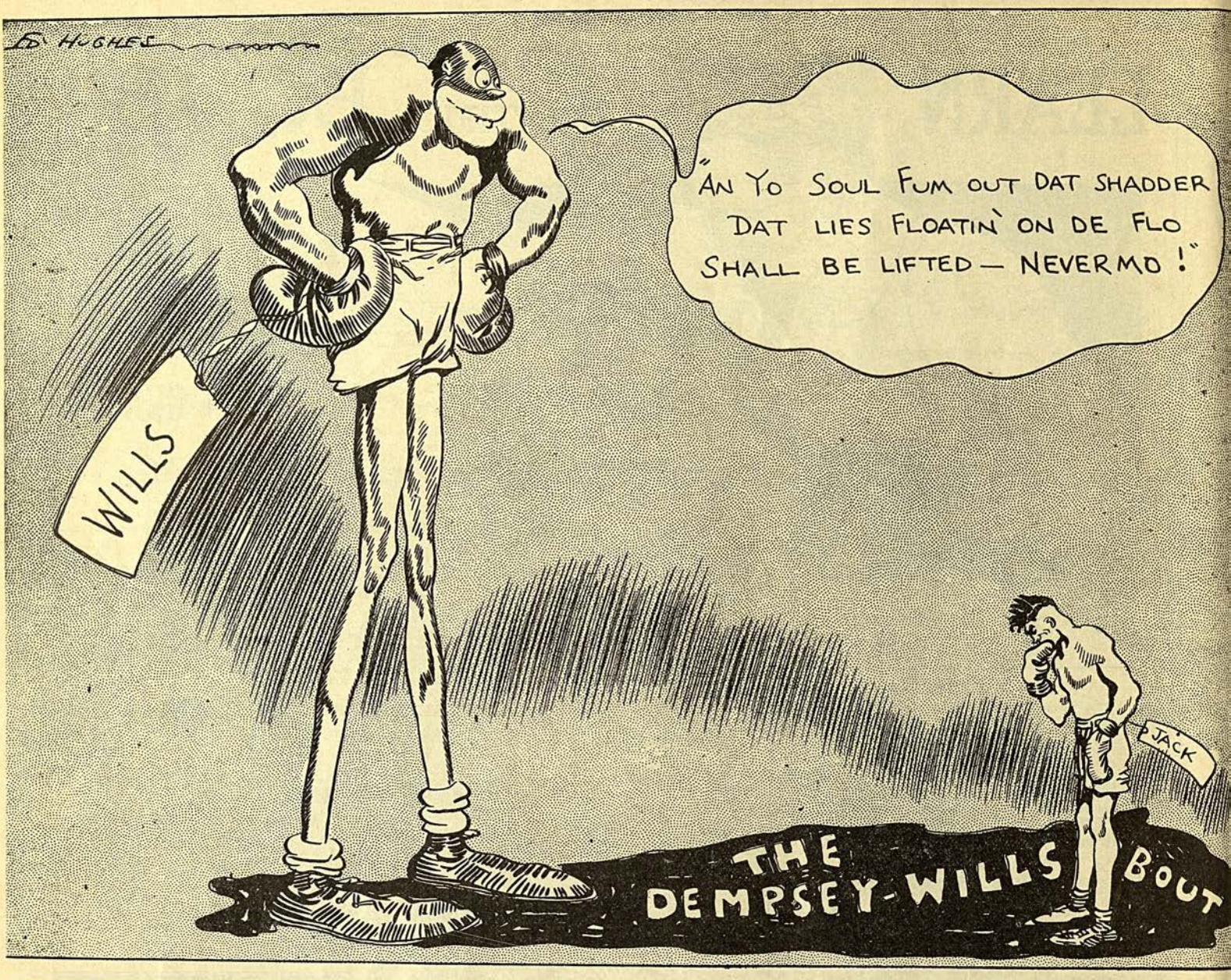
(State which course you want or whether you want both)

Name .....

Street Address .....

City ..... State .....

No C. O. D. orders outside United States. Canadian orders must be accompanied by payment ($2.25) and foreign orders ($2.50 U. S. money).



"Nothing to Fighting, But Hitting," Says Dempsey

Hit Him on the Chin is Champion's Advice

JACK DEMPSEY'S philosophy of fistics sounds very reasonable to a lot of fans who are convinced that one good shot at the chin in the beginning is worth a whole hour of feinting. It is the natural impulse to hit and hit hard if you are attacked. If you are giving a boxing exhibition it is fair enough not to try to knock the other fellow's head off. If you are fighting for a championship or for your own safety, however, there is not much use in stepping around and doing a whole lot of fancy stuff.

"Hit a man on the chin and knock him down, then you won't have to worry about his footwork, his feinting or blocking." This is Dempsey's code.

"I've never tried to be clever," says Jack. "I have only one thought in my head as I sit in the corner waiting for the fight to start: 'Where am I going to hit him?'

"No man is ever going to hit you if you hit him first and hit him hard enough.

"Fight in the ring just as you would on the street. If you're in a street fight you don't stop to feint and to be clever—you hit!

"I know only one kind of footwork—the kind that brings me in close enough to 'sock.' Firpo can testify to that.

"There is really nothing to fighting except the hitting."

The Last Word in a Billiard and Bowling Institution

Rational Recreation, Inc.

398-406 FULTON STREET
BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Results of Boxing Bouts

JULY

3—San Pedro, Calif.:
Jimmy Hackley and Walter Rooney, four-round draw.
Earl Clark and Sailor Masterino, four-round draw.
Young Vincent beat Sammy Young, four rounds.
Young Bellamy knocked out Young Lotta, one round.
Bud Caro beat Jimmy Walsh, four rounds.
Kid Burmay beat Johnny West, four rounds.
Sailor Foster beat Lee Morrisey, four rounds.

8—San Antonio, Texas:
Johnny Tillman beat Bobby Greene, ten rounds.

8—Indianapolis, Ind.:
Ray Hann beat Jimmy Dalton, ten rounds.
Frankie Porto beat Reamer Roberts, eight rounds.
Jimmy McDermott beat Billy Cecil, nine rounds.
Royal Cox beat Eddie Roberts, four rounds.

9—San Francisco, Calif.:
Billy Gibbs beat Battling Dane, four rounds.
Eddie Doody and Johnny O'Connor, four-round draw.
Jack O'Dair knocked out Jack Burns, four rounds.
Jack Nounan knocked out Martin O'Shea, three rounds.
Jack Walker beat Joe Hughes, four rounds.
Jimmy Briggs and Sailor Evasco, four-round draw.
Marty Farrell and Frank Corbett, four-round draw.
Al Robinson beat Young Spider Roach, four rounds.

9—San Fernando, Calif.:
Kid Ponce beat Bennie Marks, four rounds.

9—Colorado Springs, Colo.:
Kid Hartman and Don Long, twelve-round draw.

10—Columbus S. C., Yonkers:
Frankie Quill stopped Al Norton, four rounds.
K. O. Lew Williams beat Pete Williams, eight rounds.

10—102nd Medical Reg. Armory, N. Y.:
Billy Wells beat Otto Pierce, eight rounds.
Cap Columbo knocked out Ritchie Martin, three rounds.
Frankie Cottrell stopped Willie Sullivan, five rounds.
Phil Ennis knocked out Frank Alcayil, one round.
Joe Martina stopped Sam Salzena, two rounds.

10—Scranton, Pa.:
Ty Coleman beat Kid Wolfe, ten rounds.

10—Paterson, N. J.:
Harry Martone knocked out Joe Jackson, four rounds.
Peter Mack beat Pinkey Burns, eight rounds.

10—Camp Custer, Mich.:
Kid Buck beat Chick Allman, ten rounds.
Jake Latshaw knocked out Soldier Koenig, eight rounds.

10—Stockton, Calif.:
Joe Drew beat Ray Still, four rounds.
Buck Holly beat Johnny Burns, four rounds.
Trench King beat Joe Bell, four rounds.

10—San Pedro, Calif.:
Buck Curtis beat Earl Clark, four rounds.
Dean Hood beat Hank Cantin, four rounds.
Hank Gastine beat Larry Murphy, four rounds.

11—Oakland A. A., New Jersey:
Jackie Feldman beat Dodo Jackson, eight rounds.
Giovanni Salerno beat Jimmy Delucca, eight rounds.
Willie Seuss beat Mike Esposita, eight rounds.
Joe Celmars beat Johnny Yarns, eight rounds.

11—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway, L. I.:
Eddie (Cannonball) Martin beat Harry (Battling Leonard), twelve rounds.
Jackie Gordon beat Billy Marlowe, eight rounds.
Anthony Padwana beat Billy Miller, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Joey Dorando, six rounds.
Benny Tell and Carroll Setti, four-round draw.

11—Boston:
Johnny Sheppard beat Joe Lynch, ten rounds.

11—Wheeling, W. Va.:
Battling Siki beat Ray Bennett, twelve rounds.
Pierre Micheals beat Mickey Flynn, eight rounds

11—Erie, Pa.:
Tommy Loughan beat Joe Lohman, ten rounds.

11—Los Angelis, Calif.:
Dynamite Joe Murphy beat Dandy Dick Griffin, four rounds.

11—San Francisco, Calif.:
Teddy O'Hara and George Lavigne, four-round draw.
Eddie Mahoney beat Mike Doyle, four rounds.
Pickles Martin and Joe Powell, four-round draw.
George Spencer stopped Johnny Williams, three rounds.
Al Hoag and Dan Gallagher, four-round draw.
Joe Golden and Joe Firpo, four-round draw.
Sailor Makagon knocked out Kid Denicio, two rounds.

11—Tampa, Florida:
Boots Antley beat Artie McCann, ten rounds.
Kid Henry knocked out Kid Parra, four rounds.
Lalo Florez and Kid Tony, six-round draw.
Jimmy Leto beat Johnny Barber, four rounds.

12—Commonwealth S. C., N. Y.:
Jackie McAvey beat Allentown Joe Gans, twelve rounds.
Kid Alberts knocked out Joe Cavalier, eight rounds.
Johnny Nebers beat Buddy Brown, six rounds.
Andy Tomasky and Johnny Allicenti, four-round draw.

12—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn:
Irish Thomas Jordon beat Bert Spencer, six rouns.
Johnny Kochansky beat Jackie Brady, six rounds.
Jackie Coburn beat August Pisano, six rounds.
Harry Duer knocked out Harry Faber one round.
Van Alderman knocked out Jerry Heferin, two rounds.
Al Scorda beat Joe Terrantino, six rounds.

12—San Jose, Calif.:
Gene Cline beat Louis Garcia, four rounds.
Tony Bonillas beat Charley Bell, four rounds.
Charley Sepada drew with Joe Souza, four rounds.
Joe Powell knocked out Joe Cardinet, one round.
Kid Kirby knocked out Paddy Ryan, three rounds.
Johnny Riley knocked out Lloyd Cullen, two rounds.
Joe Martin knocked out Nash De Soto, three rounds.

14—Queensboro Stadium, L. I.:
Louis Vincenti knocked out Rocky Kansas, eleven rounds.
Joey Silvers and Lew Paluso, six-round draw.
Tony Palmer knocked out Joe Ritchie, four rounds.
Patsy Farnuto won on foul from Andy Tucker, four rounds.
Floyd Hibert beat Sidney Burt, four rounds.
Willie Powell and Joe Gibbs, four-round draw.

14—Scranton, Pa.:
Vincent Lopez knocked out Jack Eeshelman, three rounds.

14—Elizabeth, N. J.:
Frank Yargan beat Jim Holliday, twelve rounds.

14—Birmingham, Ala.:
Jimmy Finley knocked out Johhny Carson, three rounds.

14—Toronto:
Jack Reddick knocked out Soldier Jones, eight rounds.

14—Columbus, Ohio:
Terry Martin beat Eddie O'Dowd, twelve rounds.

14—Harrison, N. J.:
Phil Krug beat Barthelemy Molinero, twelve rounds.

14—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Ray Newman beat Mike Burke, twelve rounds.
Harry Mulcahy and Jimmy Mars, twelve-round draw.

14—Brall's Arena, Freeport, L. I.:
Wilbur Cohen and Willie La Morte, twelve-round draw.
Al Liebowitz beat Harry Getzel, ten rounds.
Herman Singer beat Al Zimmerman, six rounds.
Freddy Locke beat Abe Cohen, four rounds.

14—Birmingham:
Jimmy Finley knocked out Johnny Carson, three rounds.
Steve Sarron stopped Red Burke, three rounds.
Boilermaker Kelley beat Sailor Simpson, four rounds.
Sam Lavoy beat Kid Flukker, four rounds.
Sam Compre wins on foul from Kid Smith.

14—Birmingham, Ala.:
Johnny Finley knocked out Johnny Carlson, three rounds.

14—Memphis, Tenn.:
Young Leonard knocked out Jimmy Cox, four rounds.

14—McAlester, Okla.:
M. P. Savage beat Pug Fogarty, four rounds.
Wilson Dun knocked out French Boucher, four rounds.
Jimmy Borella knocked out Peewee Daugherty.
Irish O'Brien beat Benny Walker, ten rounds.
Goodbye Riddle beat Melton Lovall, four rounds.

15—Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn:
Ted Moore beat Morrie Schlaiffer, ten rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Allentown Johnny Leonard, ten rounds.
Eddie Anderson beat Charlie Goodman, ten rounds.
Willie O'Connell and Murray Layton, six-round draw.
Barney Shaw and Johnny McGinty, four-round draw.

15—Boston:
Jack Shawkey beat Homer Smith, ten rounds.
Jimmy Maloney knocked out Honolulu Kid, one round.

15—San Jose, Calif.:
Chick Roach beat Young Carman, four rounds.

15—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bert Colima beat Dave Shade, four rounds.
George Lavigne beat Jimmy Marcus, four rounds.

15—Fresno, Calif.:
Eddie Mahoney beat Freddie Bonillas, four rounds.

15—Seattle:
Dodo Bercot and Bobby Harper, six-round draw.

15—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Young Sallee knocked out Benny Pascel, one round.
Jimmy Powell and Jack Dalton, four-round draw.

16—San Francisco:
Sailor Smith beat Dynamite George, four rounds.
Jack McCann beat Jack Nounan, four rounds.
Larry Jones beat Angelo Pappas, four rounds.
Gunner Woods knocked out Sailor Hughes, three rounds.
Herb Sorrell knocked out Jack Zanotti, two rounds.
Dan Johnson drew with Wop Mancuso, four rounds.
Jess Fenton beat Danny Carlson, four rounds.
Mike Maher kayoed Jimmy Briggs, two rounds.

16—Oakland, Calif.:
Joe Simonich beat Young Martin, four rounds.
Jimmy Darrah beat Red Uhlan, four rounds.
Eddie Macey defeated Billy Mascott, four rounds.
Billy Wallace beat Willie O'Brien, four rounds.
Jack Burns beat Kid Louis, four rounds.
Billy Williams beat Frenchy Coalman, four rounds.
Mike Seagl beat Johnny Cardinet, four rounds.

16—Waco, Texas:
Duke Trammell knocked out Jack Rose, three rounds.
Frankie Fink beat Jack Dalton, ten rounds.
Percy Stallard drew with Roy Hult, four rounds.

16—N. Y. Velodrome, City:
Abe Goldstein beat Charles Ledoux, fifteen rounds.
K. O. Phil Kaplan beat Vic Borg, ten rounds.
Sammy Beinfield beat Johnny Breslin, six rounds.
Charlie Rose and Izzy Cooper, four-round draw.

17—102nd Regiment Armory, City:
Vincent Peppe beat Willie Gilligan, eight rounds.
Bobby Murray knocked out Tommy Fottreel, four rounds.
Alex Tovereski beat Irish Mickey Whallen, eight rounds.
Red Magee beat Al Sabol, eight rounds.
Tony Marks knocked out Jimmy Dolan, two rounds.

17—Paterson, N. J.:
Claude Wilson beat Sammy Nable, twelve rounds.

17—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Kid Norfolk stopped Joe Lawson, six rounds.

17—Albany:
Rocky Smith beat Jack Schoendorf, twelve rounds.

17—Harrison, N. J.:
Sparkplug Russell beat Mickey Walters, twelve rounds.

17—Wingo, Ohio:
Bert Schneider beat Al Walthers, ten rounds.
Happy Hartman beat Ray McCall, eight rounds.
Skunk Paulett knocked out Young Turton, one round.
Young Albert drew with Kid Tuff, four rounds.

17—San Pedro, Calif.:
Tommy Cello beat Eddie Diggins, four rounds.
Jimmy Powell drew with Felix Villamore, four rounds.

17—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Eddie Gleason beat Clark Williams, four rounds.

18—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway:
Hilly Levine beat Wee Willie Spencer, twelve rounds.
Herman (Kid) Silver beat Tommy Lynch, twelve rounds.
August Pisano beat Joey Kaufman, six rounds.
Frankie Barick knocked out Santo Noto, three rounds.

18—Holyoke, Mass.:
Romeo Roche beat Steve Smith, twelve rounds.

18—Chicago:
Johnny McCoy beat Harold Smith, ten rounds.
Sammy Mandell beat Joey Azzerella.

18—Manchester, N. H.:
Battling Siki knocked out Blacksmith Russell, seven rounds.

18—Long Branch, N. J.:
Maxey Rosenblum beat Joey McCarthy, ten rounds.
Otto Pierce beat Buck Thomas, ten rounds.

18—Bakersfield, Calif.:
Bobby Herman drew with Battling Chink, four rounds.

18—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Johnny Adams beat Frankie Burns, four rounds.

18—Appleton:
Bud Gorman knocked out Ray Smith, two rounds.

18—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Egan and Jack Reeves, four-round draw.
Eddie Mahoney stopped Mike Doyle, three rounds.
Sailor Hector beat Johnny Burns, four rounds.
Battling Dane and Stanley Willis, four-round draw.
Harry Wallace beat Sailor Oswald, four rounds.
Battling Murray stopped Billy Hines, one round.
Georgie Spencer stopped Lou Richards, two rounds.

18—Waterloo, Iowa:
Kid Roberts beat Jawbreaker Collins.
Mark Moore beat Tiger Johnny Cline, ten rounds.
United Kid knocked out Tommy O'Connor, four rounds.

18—Aberdeen, S. D.:
Al Van Ryan beat Jack Conway, ten rounds.
Rusty Jones, knocked out Frank Backley, one round.

19—Des Moines, Iowa:
Frankie Kral beat Sailor Anderson, ten rounds.
Harold Plude beat Al DeRose, six rounds.
Young Brewster beat Young Dempsey, four rounds.
Phil Longo and Johnny Harris, four-round draw.
Joe Gorman drew with Sailor Taylor, three rounds.

19—Commonwealth S. C., City:
Jack Townsend wins on foul from George Godfrey, one round.
Bobby Risdon beat Giovanni Salerno, twelve rounds.
Milton Cohen and Mickey Satnick, six-round draw.

21—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Lew Tendler and Bobby Barrett, ten-round draw.
Bobby Wolgast and Al Markle, ten-round draw.
Danny Kramer beat Alex Hart, ten rounds.
Benny Bass beat Spencer Gardner, ten rounds.
Eddie Weygant knocked out Frankie Bob, ten rounds.
Pete Roberts beat Joe Schurra, eight rounds.

21—Oakland A. A., Jersey City, N. J.:
Petie Mack and Irish Johnny Curtin, twelve-round draw.
Joey Kaufman beat Joe Carlo, eight rounds.
Willie Suees beat Midget Irla, eight rounds.
21—Brall's Arena, Freeport, L. I.:
Jack Perry knocked out Frankie Quill, six rounds.
Harry Duer knocked out Van Alderman five rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Walter Plona, six rounds.
Joe Terrantino and Joe Minai, four-round draw.
21—Boston, Mass.:
Pancho Villa beat Wee Willie Woods, ten rounds.
21—Louisville, Ky.:
Ray Hahn beat Ted Merchant, ten rounds.
21—Newark, N. J.:
Jack Rappaport beat Tim Droney, twelve rounds.
21—Dayton, Ohio:
Eddie Kid Wagner knocked out Willie Ames, seven rounds.
21—Englewood, N. J.:
Jack Sharkey knocked out Sammy Roberts, two rounds.
Harry Gordon knocked out Jimmy Belmont, one round.
21—Troy, N. Y.:
Harry Martone and Willie Harmon, twelve-round draw.
21—Washington, D. C.:
Pete Hartley drew with Len Mahoney, twelve rounds.
21—Cincinnati, Ohio:
Joe Anderson stopped Pinkey Mitchell, eight rounds.
21—Sioux City, Iowa:
Connie Curry beat Earl McArthur, ten rounds.
Glenn Milligan beat Jimmy Gill, ten rounds.
Ace Hudkins beat Eddie De Beau, ten rounds.
George Atwood knocked out Buddy Boyd, one round.
23—Nostrand A. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jack Bernstein beat Jack Zivic, twelve rounds.
Joe Glick beat Eddie Brady, twelve rounds.
Paddy Ryan beat Jimmy Kelly, six rounds.
Joey Dorando beat Georgie Doherty, four rounds.
23—Long Branch, N. J.:
Harry Goldberg beat Wilbur Cohen, twelve rounds.
23—Yaphank, L. I.:
Billy Wells beat Shifty Schwatz, six rounds.
Corporal Potter beat Sergeant Bose, six rounds.
23—California:
California Joe Lynch beat Ted Kopecs, four rounds.
Big Mitch defeated Giant Wagner, four rounds.
23—San Francisco, Calif.:
George Marquenie beat Sailor Smith, four rounds.
Dan Gallagher beat Soldier Burke, four rounds.
Roy Renner drew with Larry Jones, four rounds.
Caesar Attell beat Jack Murray, four rounds.
Gunner Woods knocked out Battling Johnson, two rounds.
Danny Maher beat Johnny Fiske, four rounds.
Jimmy Roberts beat Jimmie Dale, four rounds.
Danny Johnson beat Kewpie Ecklund, four rounds.
23—Oakland A. A., San Francisco, Calif.:
Eddie Macey beat Kid David, four rounds.
Red Uhlan and Jimmy Darrah, four-round draw.
Gene Cline beat Young Dudley, four rounds.
Jack Burns beat Mickey O'Donnell, four rounds.
Billy Wallace beat Larry Murphy, four rounds.
Mike Segal knocked out Tommy Smith, two rounds.
Lou Richards knocked out Jimmy O'Brien, two rounds.
24—Polo Grounds, New York City:
Gene Tunney stopped Georges Carpentier, fifteen rounds.
Paul Berlenbach and Augie Ratner, eight-round draw.
Harvy Mason beat Paul Fritch, eight rounds.
Ray Neuman beat Leo Gates, six rounds.
George Erntioch and Sandy Seifert, four-round draw.
24—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Sonny Cashin beat Vic Burrone, eight rounds.
Alex Cobiski beat Cap Columbo, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Johnny Mayo, eight rounds.
Panche Casa won on foul from Dan Towney, two rounds.
Ray Donohue beat Frankie Guirelo, four rounds.
Tony Marks stopped Phil Ennis, two rounds.
24—Atlantic City, N. J.:
Ray Mitchell and Johnny Moseley, eight-round draw.
24—Albany, N. Y.:
Joe Jawson beat Freddie Jacks, twelve rounds.
24—San Pedro, Calif.:
Sammy Lee drew with Jimmy Powell, four rounds.
24—Colorado Springs, Colo.:
Willie Hope beat Lee Dewitt, twelve rounds.
24—Stockton, Calif.:
George Spencer beat Danny Numes, four rounds.
24—San Mateo, Calif.:
Harry Wallace beat Mickey O'Donnell, four rounds.
Eddie Doddy and Min Minnick, four-round draw.
Charley Martino drew with Frankie Roberts, four rounds.
Gus Smith beat Eddie Feeley, four rounds.
Choke Torres beat Jack Murray, four rounds.
Jimmy Cox drew with Jimmy Lewis, four rounds.
Tommy Ryan beat Kid Robinson, four rounds.
24—Logan, Utah:
Ted O'Hara drew with Frank Darren, ten rounds.
25—West New York Playground, N. J.:
Harry Martone won on foul from K. O. Kid Kaplan, fifth round.
Billy Vidabeck knocked out Billy Murray, three rounds.
Joe Geller beat Al Cliddy, six rounds.
Joey Eula knocked out Louis Dunnino, three rounds.
25—Providence, R. I.:
Jack Renault knocked out Joe Herman, one round.
25—Chicago, Ill.:
Mike Dundee knocked out Harry Kabakoff, five rounds.
Harold Smith knocked out Ray Jefferies, ten rounds.
Eddie Anderson beat Joey Sangor, ten rounds.
Harry Leonard beat Charley Raimond, ten rounds.
25—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway, N. Y.:
Young Bob Fitzsimmons knocked out Ted Jamieson, ten rounds.
Billy Henry beat Ruby Stein, ten rounds.
Izzy Cooper beat Nick Quagerelli, six rounds.
Frankie Albano and Billy Kennedy, six-round draw.
Van Akderman beat Jack Guida, four rounds.
25—Erie, Pa.:
Tommy Ryan and Terry McHugh, ten-round draw.
Al Gordon knocked out Pete Canal, four rounds.
25—Allentown, Pa.:
Johnny Leonard beat Willie Davis, ten rounds.
25—Tampa, Fla.:
Boots Antley beat Manuel Lema, ten rounds.
King Tut knocked out Battling Anderson, two rounds.
Young Lewis beat Kid Tony, six rounds.
Kid Manuel beat Young Dobber, four rounds.
25—New Orleans, La.:
Pascal Colletti stopped Charlie Rodriguez, nine rounds.
Ernie Perrin stopped Louis Hill, one round.
25—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Dick Hoppe beat Frankie Pitcher, four rounds.
Tommy Carter drew with Eddie Diggins, four rounds.
25—Dreamland Rink, San Francisco, Calif.:
Jack Reeves beat Fred Sullivan, four rounds.
Eddie McGovern beat Jack McCann, four rounds.
Joe Miller beat Stanley Willis, four rounds.
Eddie Mahoney beat Vic Morrison, four rounds.
Tom Cello knocked out Chick Roach, two rounds.
Battling Dane and Sailor Hughes, four-round draw.
Sailor Evasco drew with Sammy Offerman, four rounds.
26—Commonwealth S. C., New York City:
Chick Suggs beat Terry Martin, twelve rounds.
Al Ferraro knocked out Lew Amorso, four rounds.
Harland McKenzie stopped Johnny Amorso, three rounds.
Jack Ketchell knocked out Frankie Oxley, one round.
Al Diamond beat Tony Allicenti.
26—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Chief Halbran drew with K. O. Jaffe, six rounds.
Dan Leiber knocked out Jack Dorval, five rounds.
Sonny Smith beat Herman Singers, six rounds.
Jackie Gordon knocked out Irving Shapiro, three rounds.
Charley Morris knocked out Georgia Staker, four rounds.
28—Brall's Arena, Freeport, L. I.:
Billy Miller stopped Frankie Houlihan, four rounds.
Mickey Rollinson knocked out Bobby Gardner, eight rounds.
Sammy Williams beat Rink Williams, six rounds.
Al Zimmermann knocked out Dan Frisco, four rounds.
28—New Jersey:
Quintin Romero beat Charley Weinert, twelve rounds.
Joe McCarthy stopped Irish Paddy Mosher, six rounds.
Collie Pleneis beat Soldier Jack Ritchie, eight rounds.
28—Bridgeport, Conn.:
Lou Bogash beat Frank Moody, twelve rounds.
28—Oakland A. A., New Jersey:
Bill Kennedy drew with Steve Smith, twelve rounds.
Wild Burt Kenny wins on technical knockout from Frank Yarchan, six rounds.
Billy Reynolds and Artie Bird, six-round draw.
28—Columbus, Ohio:
Ted Moore drew with Billy Brittion, twelve rounds.
28—Louisville, Ky.:
Tim O'Dowd drew with Tommie Ryan, twelve rounds.
28—Scranton, Pa.:
Kid Wolfs knocked out Bobby Hamilton, five rounds.
Al Gordon beat Mike Chapin, eight rounds.
28—Washington:
Young Denico drew with Frankie Hebert, ten rounds.
28—Cleveland, Ohio:
Carl Termaine knocked out Jack Wolfe, one round.
Al Corbett beat Louis De Arco, six rounds.
Dave Forbes beat Dick Craig, six rounds.
Vincent Pokorni beat Cal Delaney, six rounds.
Lou Bloom beat Mickey Dugan, six rounds.
28—Utica, N. Y.:
Bushy Graham knocked out Sammy Nabel, four rounds.
Frank Kerns beat Charlie Arthur, ten rounds.
28—Covington, Ky.:
Ted Merchant knocked out Tommy Herman, six rounds.
28—New Orleans, La.:
Red Hill knocked out Frankie Mantell, two rounds.
28—Troy, N. Y.:
Paddy Ryan drew with Jimmy Cox, ten rounds.
29—Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Jeff Smith wins on foul from Ray Neuman, three rounds.
Pete Sarmiento beat Bobby Hughes, ten rounds.
Jose Lombardo knocked out Mick McAdams, one round.
Nick Quararelli beat Vic Burrone, four rounds.
Delos Williams beat Frankie Lambert, four rounds.
29—Paris:
George Cook beat Excudum Paolino, fifteen rounds.
29—Denver, Colo.:
George Manley knocked out George Freeman, one round.
29—Boston, Mass.:
Johnny Wilson knocked out Jock Malone, six rounds.
Jim Maloney beat Wolf Larson, eight rounds.
29—Portland, Ore.:
Babe Herman beat Joe Gorman, ten rounds.
Herman Kid Silver beat Chick Suggs, twelve rounds.
30—Ottawa, Canada:
Jack Reddick knocked out Joe Edwards, eight rounds.
30—Mitchel Field, L. I.:
Hong Fong Lee knocked out Terry Pelton, one round.
31—102nd Medical Regiment Armory, New York City:
Mickey Whalen and Lew Caputo, stopped in sixth, no contest.
Jimmy Gaudy beat Wildman Gould, eight rounds.
Bobby Murray beat Nat Brandt, eight rounds.
Red McGee beat George Cumyax, eight rounds.
Artie Blume knocked out George Benezett, one round.
31—Youngstown, Ohio:
Ad Stone knocked out Jack Burke, four rounds.
31—Wilkes-Barre, Pa.:
Bobby Ruttenberg wins on foul from Ty Coleman, six rounds.
Danny Rodgers knocked out Willie Clarke, one round.

AUGUST

1—West New York Playground, N. J.:
Johnny Darcy beat Johnny Reisler, eight rounds.
Billy Kennedy beat Mickey Walters, eight rounds.
Mickey Brown beat Jack Guida, eight rounds.
Bobby Green beat Joe Ross, six rounds.
Johnny Troy beat Sammy Kaufman, six rounds.
1—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway, N. Y.:
Archie Walker beat Jack McFarland, twelve rounds.
Mike Burke beat Frankie Carpenter, twelve rounds.
1—Long Branch, N. J.:
Maxie Rosenbloom beat Joe McCartney, twelve rounds.
Otto Pierce beat Young Woodly, ten rounds.
1—New Orleans, La.:
Young Marullo knocked out Bryan Downey, ten rounds.
Young Ross beat Joe Cook, ten rounds.
1—Philadelphia, Pa.:
Buddie Taylor beat Tommy Ryan, ten rounds.
Eddie Dyer and Frankie Callahan, ten-round draw.
Joe Cooper knocked out Tony Sanders, eight rounds.
Chuck Gardy beat Chuck Templeton, six rounds.
1—Baltimore, Md.:
Tommy Noble beat Billy Gannon, ten rounds.
1—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Bob Fitzsimmons beat Soldier King, ten rounds.
3—Commonwealth S. C., New York City:
Tiger Flowers knocked out Jack Townsend, eleven rounds.
Bobby Risden beat Izzy Cooper, twelve rounds.
Jack Adnit drew with Tommy Gerard, six rounds.
Domonick Petroni beat Mike Mancini.
3—Ridgewood Grove S. C., Brooklyn, N. Y.:
Larry Estridge beat Frankie Yarchan, six rounds.
Al Leibowitz beat Sammy Beinfeld, six rounds.
Frankie Albano beat Bobby Burns, six rounds.
Rudy Miller beat Roby Thomas, six rounds.
Milton Cohen knocked out Carroll Setti, five rounds.
Ivan Hawes drew with Tony Albicino.
29—San Bernardino, Calif.:
Young Salee and George Levoie, four round draw.
29—Seattle, Wash.:
Spug Meyers beat Macario Flores, six rounds.
29—Denver, Colo.:
George Manley knocked out George Freeman, one round.
29—Fresno, Calif.:
Eddie Mahoney and Jimmy Shore, four round draw.
29—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Young Nationalista and George Rivers, four round draw.
Young Carmen drew with Johnny Jordon, four rounds.
29—Santa Rosa, Calif.:
Art Emery knocked out Joe Herman, three rounds.
Joe Herman drew with Eddie Shephard, four rounds.
29—San Jose, Calif.:
Mason Griffin beat Battling Dane, four rounds.
Petie Coffey beat George Cirriacco, four rounds.
Kid Magsambal drew with Kid Louis, four rounds.
Jimmie Evasco knocked out Johnny Drexel, three rounds.
Eddie Garcia and Dave Auu, four round draw.
Frankie Stetson beat Frankie Webb, four rounds.
30—San Fernando, Calif.:
Young McGovern beat Joe Rivers, four rounds.
30—San Francisco, Calif.:
Joe Roach knocked out Tim Callahan, one round.
Jack Nouman beat Gunner Woods, four rounds.
Jack O'Dare knocked out Dan Gallagher, two rounds.
Larry Jones drew with Sailor Mackagon, four rounds.
Jess Fenton beat Caesar Attell, four rounds.
Harry Baggs knocked out Battling Johnson, two rounds.
Red Reynolds knocked out Roy Marshall, two rounds.
George Karasta beat Danny Johnson, four rounds.

(Continued on page 41)

Minute Rests Between Rounds

By EDDIE BORDEN

WHEN Simon Flaherty was a wisp of a lad he was taught by his sportsman father never to lie and that his word must be his bond. That advice stuck in Si's crop over a stretch of nearly half a century. He was given an opportunity to exhibit those traits of honesty on Monday evening, July 28, when two gladiators on his Queensboro Stadium card discovered that they had sore arms or something and couldn't go on.

Flaherty's matchmaker dug up presentable substitutes. Several hundred fans were in their seats and as many more were clamoring for admission. P. T. Barnum's famous saying, "there's one born every minute," and Boss Tweed's "the public be damned" were not in Flaherty's mind when he ordered the show cancelled and the money refunded.

It is not violating any confidences to state that Flaherty is $50,000 in the hole since he remodelled his fight arena out Long Island City way. He encountered considerable trouble from the fire officials when they refused to allow him to open, declaring the place unsafe, etc. He had the Wills-Madden match on his hands. The long postponement took the kick out of the fight, so much so that the receipts were only half of what he expected. But Flaherty is a true and tried sportsman and success is sure to crown his efforts eventually.

Packey McFarland bounced into town from Chicago the other day, looking spic and span in a trick suit. He had taken off forty to fifty pounds since we saw him last, two years ago. On that occasion he looked like a prize porker. Apparently Packey has done some stiff gym work.

Johnny Keyes, lord mayor of Chinatown, has added Tommy Milton to his string. Milton got his release from Harry Lenny two weeks ago. Tommy is one of the best bantam prospects seen in a long time.

After sitting on the sidelines for several weeks because of an operation of the elbow on the left arm, Tony Vaccarelli returned to the wars on August 9, when he boxed Joe Scappatone. The great Harlem featherweight injured the arm in the early milling of his victorious fight with Allentown Johnny Leonard. Tony celebrated his debut over a route by beating the sturdy Bronson-Brown entry from pillar to post. Joe Malone, Tony's manager, will accept several other lucrative matches.

Jeff Smith, famous globe-trotter, made his first appearance in a Gotham ring in almost four years, on August 9, in Brooklyn, where he defeated Ray Neuman on a foul in three rounds. Back in 1920, at Madison Square Garden, Jeff beat Mike McTigue before the latter was champion, in fifteen boresome rounds.

New faces are wanted in local arenas. Matchmakers claim they can't find cards. Nonsense. Look up or send for fighters in the West and South and the game is sure to pick up in these parts. It's getting to be an eyesore to see the same boys climbing through the ropes night after night.

Clarence Gillespie, mayor of Richmond Hill, L. I., has succeeded Andy Neidreitter as matchmaker of the Ridgewood Grove Sporting Club. The kind-hearted Gil is doing very well, thank you.

Jimmy Delaney, the sturdy St. Paul light heavyweight, helped to condition Gene Tunney for his victorious stand against Georges Carpentier.

Johnny Hamm, the Pittsburgh flyweight, has gone back to work in the Smoky City mills. He had some differences with George Engle, his manager, and decided to go back to his first love.

Carl Duane, the Bronx featherweight who was injured in an automobile crash several weeks ago, is on the road to recovery. It is very unlikely he will be able to fight again. One of his lungs was punctured.

Tom McArdle is doing wonders as matchmaker for Charley Henderson's bowl in Brooklyn. Tom has been putting on some right smart cards.

John O'Brien bewails the fact he can't get work for big Ed Keeley and Lew Perfetti, his smashing lightweight. Jawn is anxious to match Ed with either Jack Renault or Romero Rojas. It is a crime Perfetti has not reached his majority and must fight only sixes. In another year he will be ready to oppose the Villas and Genaros.

The champion chair warmer in the headquarters of the National Sports Alliance is Jimmy Marsh.

Augie Ratner whipped Paul Berlenbach in the semi-final to Carpentier and Tunney, but the judges and referee agreed on a draw. They may be re-matched on the Wills-Firpo card.

Lew Diamond's light heavyweight, Ray Neumann, upset the dope the same evening when he trounced Leo Gates. It was a pippin of a fight.

Jimmy Johnston continued his promotion successes by the masterly manner in which he handled the Carpentier-Tunney event. Not a thing went wrong.

In celebration of Kid Sullivan's dethronement of Johnny Dundee, his manager, Paddy Roche, left Brooklyn for the first time in twenty years and rushed off to Atlantic City for a much-needed rest.

Arthur Yende has torn himself away from Leo P. Flynn and is now handling a stable of negro gladiators headed by Lee Anderson. His first assistant is Pete the Goat.

After a long layoff because he couldn't get anybody to fight him, former middleweight champion Johnny Wilson got back in his stride on July 29, up Boston way, where he stopped Jock Malone in six rounds.

Frankie Marlowe is squawking his head off. Apparently debonair Francois has a right to kick. He can't get work for the hard-hitting Mickey Travers, who hails from Connecticut. After he beat Johnny Reisler, most of the junior lightweights refused to have anything to do with him.

Mike McTigue has been heard from. The world's light heavyweight champion challenges Gene Tunney. About time Moike woke up and realized the fallacy of laying low with so much money to be got.

Frankie Neil is boosting the prowess of his latest protege, Benny Ross of Buffalo. Ross comes here highly recommended. He fought Jimmy Slattery. Frankie does not bar anyone under 150 lbs.

Harry Bennett, lately of Boston, but now making his home in New York, is enthusiastic over the fighting qualities of George Robinson, colored middleweight from Beantown. Bennett is the eastern representative of George. Bennett makes his headquarters at the National Sports Alliance offices.

Murray Layton, bantamweight member of the Al Weill and Charley Goldman stable, seems to be the best and most promising of the crop of mitt-wielders managed by the above duo. Murray possesses real class, and is developing a healthy wallop in his right hand.

Archie Bell, flashy little flyweight, who is being sponsored by the veteran Johnny Clinton, appears to be improving in each start. He has recorded up to date 22 consecutive victories and is destined to go far along the pugilistic highway.

Silvey Burns is busy accumulating a stable of fistic performers for the coming winter season. Silvey, up to this writing, has Mickey Brown, the plucky East Side featherweight; Spencer Gardner, New England's bantamweight champion; and Joe Souza, younger brother of Babe Herman, who is due to make his mark in the 118 pound class.

Tommy O'Brien of Chicago is steadily coming to the fore as a legitimate contender for Leonard's crown. Tommy is willing to be judged on his merits, and, based on his last few encounters, he has a mighty formidable record. In his last two starts he knocked out Pete August and won the decision over Johnny Reisler.

Jackie Gordon, prominent Brooklyn bantamweight, managed so ably by Issy Cohen, will gradually make the grade of the "select" class, judging by a few of his past performances. Jackie, in his last three starts, defeated Johnny Gray, Billy and Jackie Marlowe.

Charley Rose is still lamenting the fact that Jack Dempsey refuses to have anything to do with his Bartley Madden. Charley is madly obsessed with the notion that Bartley is the nemesis of our heavyweight champion and is only awaiting the chance to prove it.

The six round bout that Lew Paluso and Joey Silvers staged at the Queensboro Stadium two weeks ago is still the object of much comment in local fistic discussion. These two youngsters put up a great exhibition of scientific boxing.

Frankie Genaro, American flyweight champion, who became estranged from his trainer, Nick Florio, several months ago owing to some misunderstanding, has renewed business relations with him. In the future Frankie will have all of his training methods supervised by Florio.

It will be recalled that Florio was an amateur boxer of considerable repute several seasons ago.

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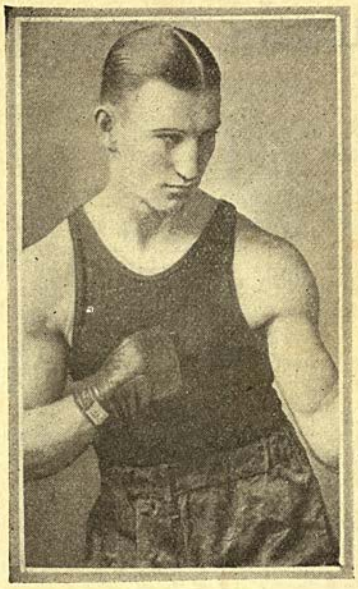
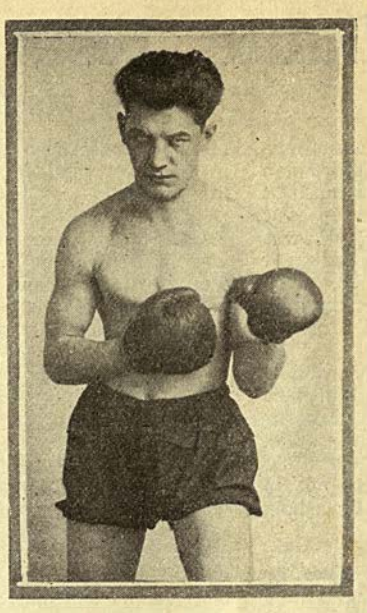
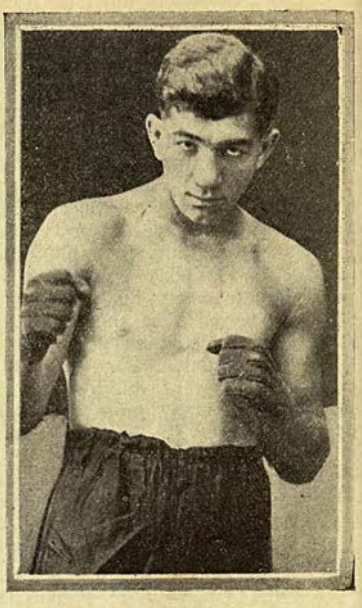


Solly Seaman, New York product, who is now living on the Pacific Coast. He is a splendid lightweight.

Young Bobby, who has changed his name to Young Benny Leonard and is located at West Palm Beach.



Frank Kaeth, Cleveland featherweight, who is anxiously seeking combat



Al Gordon, crack featherweight from Philadelphia, who has developed a knockout punch.

Joey Ross, hailing from the Chinatown section of New York, a recent graduate of the amateur ranks, is making good with a bang.

Abe Goldstein, our own champ, failed to make much of an impression against Charley Ledoux in their recent championship tilt. Perhaps everyone underestimated the latter's ability to assimilate punishment. Ledoux has been stopped only once in his entire career and it took a champion to put him away. Away back in 1914, Kid Williams, then bantam king, stowed Ledoux away in three rounds. Ledoux has a tremendous capacity for absorbing punishment and, possessed with true courageous spirit, has always proved to be an obstacle for our "alleged" heavy hitters.

Billy Kennedy, hailing from New Orleans, is making a name for himself around here. He is a good two-fisted fighting machine. Bill in his first start whipped Mickey Walters, and in his second, added the name of Steve Smith to his list of victims. Kennedy was brought here by Tony Polozolo, and will be looked after by Sammy Goldman.

"Irish" Tommy Jordan, who now makes his home in South Brooklyn, has done considerable campaigning around the New England States. Tommy fought such stars as Mickey Landers, Sailor Byron, Young Tansey, Ted Marchant, Frankie Quill, Johnny Downes and Al Schubert around Boston, and would like to meet the best men obtainable around here. Tommy has won all of his local starts, beating Dave Weber, Bert Spencer, Morris Meola, Sonny Williams and Tony Irrey. He is under the management of Larry Brown.

PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN
(The North American)

Bobby Barrett's stock has taken a big boost since his knockout victory over Nate Goldman and recent fight with Lew Tendler, in which Referee Leo Houck gave it a draw when the judges disagreed. Nothing would please Goldman better than to get another crack at Bobby, and they may meet before the end of the outdoor season.

The Marines have turned out another big fighter in the person of Norman Burke, who recently beat Bob Grant for the championship of the navy. Burke is a Philadelphian and is stepping right out in fast company.

Jimmy Magee, with a record of fourteen victories out of sixteen starts on the Pacific Coast, has returned to his home in Camden. He lost no time issuing a defi to the 112 pounders in the Quaker City and East.

More than 25,000 fight fans turned out to see Bobby Barrett and Lew Tendler throw punches at each other at the Phillie's Ball Park, July 21. No one was hurt, and instead of both fighters being on the floor most of the time there was not the semblance of a knockdown. Both were too cautious.

Ray Mitchell, South Philadelphia lightweight, was going good until he injured his hand. His manager has outlined a busy fall and indoor campaign for him. He was unable to meet Sid Terris in New York July 28, as scheduled.

Open air boxing shows have been staged this summer in Mt. Holly, N. J., and are proving popular. This is the home of Jeff Smith, one of the best middleweights that ever stepped in the ring.

Al Gordon has developed a knockout wallop and is polishing off the little fellows with regularity. He has been kept busy all summer and never fails to please.

Leo Houck, former middleweight star, has turned baseball umpire and is officiating in the Eastern Colored League games in Harrisburg. Houck still lives in Lancaster and is boxing instructor at Penn State College.

Another Philadelphia amateur star—Young Barrett—has turned pro. and is looking for trouble in his division. Ben Wallace is grooming him for the fast set.

Although Benny Bass's knockout streak was broken by Sencer Gardner in the recent open air show at the Phillie's Park, the young Philadelphia star claims he will be right back on the K. O. path again. Gardner stayed the ten-round limit with Bass, but took a beating.

There were rumores of a Lew Tendler-Pinky Mitchell welterweight bout to be signed in Phillie on Labor Day, but it has drifted out to sea.

Eddie Kid Wagner, the star in Max (Boob Boo) Hoff's stable, is still angling for a shot at Johnny Dundee, but don't seem able to get any action. Wagner is also keen for a tiff with Jack Bernstein.

Pussy Walker is putting in a claim for the flyweight championship of Pennsylvania and is ready to take on Kid Wolfe, Ty Coleman, Battling Murray or any of the other lads.

Jimmy Dougherty has his big colored fighter, George Godfrey, training hard these days. Godfrey will appear in the semi-windup of the Wills-Firpo fight, September 11, at Boyle's Thirty Acres. His opponent may be Jack Renault, the big Canadian.

Danny Kramer has been passed up by a lot of boys. Danny almost stowed Alex Hart away in the recent outdoor show at the Phillie's Ball Park. Hart, after being dropped, managed to stay the ten round limit. Kramer socks a wicked punch.

A middleweight answering to the name of Jack Ketchell is being piloted along the main highway by Jimmy Dougherty. This new Wetchell has the actions of a comer.

CONNECTICUT NOTES

About 4,500 persons paid close to $9,500 to see Lou Bogash defeat Frank Moody at Bridgeport on July 28.

Fritz Musante of the Bridgeport A. A., predicts a dark future for the boxing game in the Park City. He claims that the club will probably stage only one more bout during the summer season, and unless matters concerning the lease at the Arena are settled soon it is likely that the B. & A. will abandon all plans for further outdoor bouts.

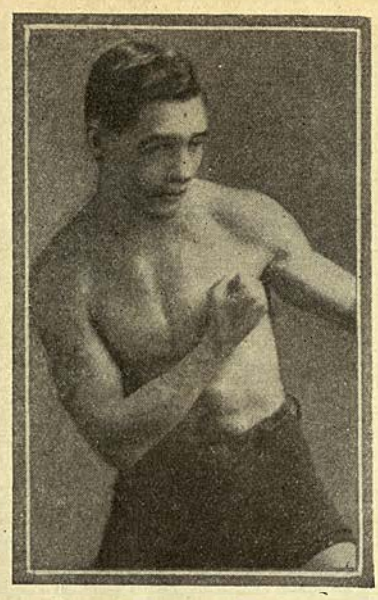
The land on which the Arena is built is owner by Paul Dietz, who receives a concession out of every bout staged. The Bridgeport A. A. held a five-year lease on the ground, but it expired on July 1.

The Casino A. C., which is headed by Dietz, plans to feature Pete August, Bridgeport lightweight, in a star bout, while Al Jennings, of New England S. C., is hopeful of snatching the Delaney-Moody bout from the Bridgeport A. A., which is dickering for these boxers' services.

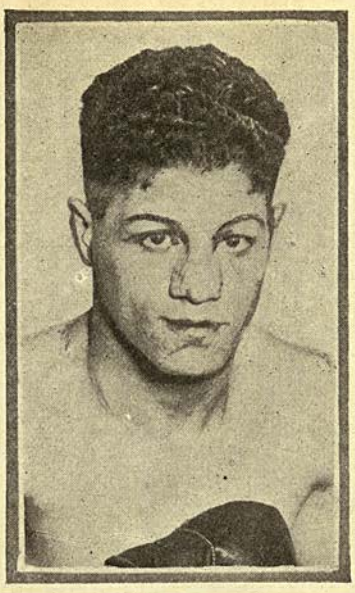
HEARD IN CHICAGO
By ART WINCH

Harold Smith, "The Pop-Eye Kid" from the stock yards, who has been on the shelf for the last ten months with an injured knee, has returned to the ring. In his first start against one of the toughest bantams in the game and a wise old fox, Johnny McCoy, of Cleveland, Smith won seven out of ten rounds and won the newspaper decision. Harold's friends thought that he was picking a bird that would trim him in his first start, but Smith came through with a victory that more than pleased his admirers.

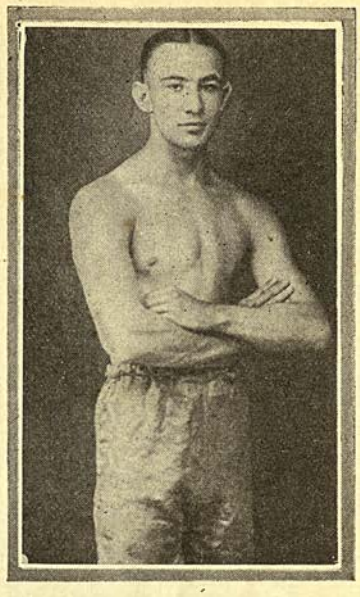
Johnny Lundy, Brooklyn's lightweight, who has been active on both the Atlantic and Pacific Coast.



Charley Pitts, the veteran globe-trotter, who was in South America until a few weeks ago.



Joe Clifford, Greek-American bantamweight contender, who has fought all the leading bantams.



"Irish" Tommy Jordan, formerly of the New England States, now making his home in Brooklyn.

One week later, at Jim Mullen's open air arena, at Aurora, Ill., Smith faced Ray Jeffries, a little bantam who had been going like wildfire. Jeffries, who won the bantamweight championship of the Pacific Coast, was stopped by Smith in the tenth round.

Mike Dundee, Rock Island featherweight, scored another victory here recently when he knocked out Harry Kabakoff of St. Louis in five rounds at Jim Mullen's open air arena. Backers of the Rock Island Italian boxer today are proclaiming Mike as the next featherweight champion of the world. Dundee has yet to lose a battle in these parts. The way he tore into his opponent impressed his followers.

Jim Mullen has signed Kid Sullivan, junior lightweight champion, for Mike Dundee. They will box here this month, and it will not surprise the writer if Dundee beats the champion.

The Michigan City Club, of which Joe Coffey is matchmaker, intends to stage a show on Labor Day. Coffey expects to leave for New York to sign enther Gene Tunney or Harry Greb to box Tommy Gibbons in the main event. Coffey is also dickering with Abe Goldstein, bantomweight champion, to box Harold Smith ten rounds on the same card.

Eddie Anderson, Moline bantamweight, who is under the management of Tommy Walsh, is back from the coast, where he engaged in several fights, winning all of them. Since Anderson came back he has boxed and beat such boys as Rosey Stoy, Georgie Butch, Charlie Goodman, and winning over Joey Sanger at Aurora on July 25.

Joe O'Hara, Fort Dodge, Ia., middleweight, who has been laid up with a bad hand, is well again. After a three months' layoff he boxed Glen Milligan ten rounds in his home town, winning easily. In this bout he showed that he still has his speed and punch. His manager, Jack O'Keefe, now wants to match O'Hara with Harry Greb. Jim Mullen is trying to sign the champion.

Charlie White, left hook artist, is now training daily at Mullen's Loop gym, as he expects to have a busy fall and winter season. The elimination contest which is being staged at New York does not seem fair. The West has not been represented and this territory has many good contenders for the title, the chief one being Charlie White. Everybody knows what fighting ability Charlie has. Up to the time White boxed Pal Moran he was the leading lightweight contender, but the fact that White returned and knocked out Bobby Barrett should place him back in the limelight.

Charlie White was the first one to put Benny down for a count. This took place soon after Leonard won the title at Benton Harbor, Michigan. When Dempsey was knocked out of the ring by Firpo he went back into the ring on his own accord, but everybody knows that Leonard owes his title to his brother Charlie, who assisted Benny into the ring after White landed a terrific left hook to Benny's chin in that never to be forgotten fifth round.

Leo Forcinari and George Sweeney are well pleased with their bantamweight, Henry Lenard, the South Chicago southpaw. He beat the latest arrival from Paris, Charlie Raimond, quite decisively, in ten rounds, at Aurora, Ill., on July 25. Lenard was the aggressor and continually led with a left that never missed its mark. Raimond was coached by the veteran Jack Grace, and Nate Lewis.

Lenard has made a big name in Michigan, where he has beat some of the best bantams in the country, such as Tommy Ryan, Howard Mayberry and others, and was matched to box Carl Tremaine, but somehow Tremaine would not box him.

Joe McCabe, New York sensational lightweight, who went to the coast, where he had twenty-eight fights, losing only three, is now in Chicago. He has placed himself under the management of Buck Montgomery, who also has Harold Smith, Chicago sensational bantamweight, and Mickey Kramer, featherweight. Manager Montgomery will keep McCabe boxing every week. He has matched him with Joe Anderson, a boy who recently stopped Pinkey Mitchell at Cincinnati. Jim Mullen will put this match on some time this month, and the winner will meet Dave Shade or Charlie White. McCabe has boxed several times around here and always made a good showing.

Connie Curry, Sioux City, Ia., bantamweight, scored another victory last month in his home town, winning the newspaper decision over Earl McArthur in ten rounds. Curry was matched to box the bantamweight champion, Abe Goldstein, at Michigan City, Ind., on July 4, but this bout was called off on account of smallpox epidemic. Manager Ray Alvis has received many offers for Curry, but had to turn them down, as Curry hurt his hand.

Mullen's Loop gym is packed with fight fans every afternoon. They see all the star middle western boxers training for their fights. Mullen's gym is now the headquarters for all the cream of the boxers, their managers and all the leading fight promoters. Every afternoon such boys as Charlie White, Harold Smith, Joe O'Hara, Jack Johnson, Eddie Anderson, Mike Dundee, Ray Jeffries, Ray Miller, Sully Montgomery, Jimmy Anderson, Joe McCabe, Johnny Cline, Jimmy Gory, Henry Lenard and all prominent out of town boxers who happen to pass through Chicago, train at this gym.

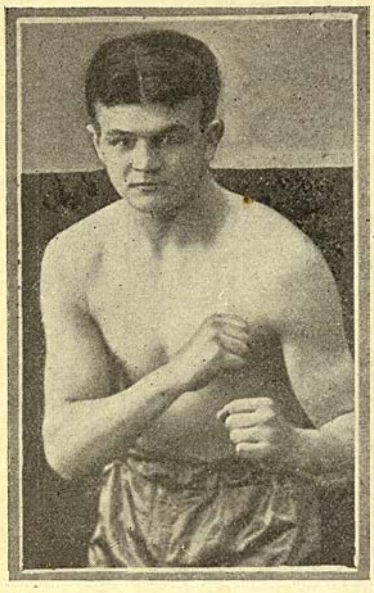
MILWAUKEE GOSSIP
By FRED SADDY

As a result of a complete break of the radius bone of his left arm sustained in his bout with Joe Anderson at Cincinnati on July 21, Pinky Mitchell, Milwaukee's fistic star, will be out of the game for the next three of four months. Brother manager Billy was forced to call off three pending bouts, one which would have netted him quite a sum of money. Billy had practically agreed to give Bobby Barett a chance to wipe off the three round K. O. which Pinky holds over him.

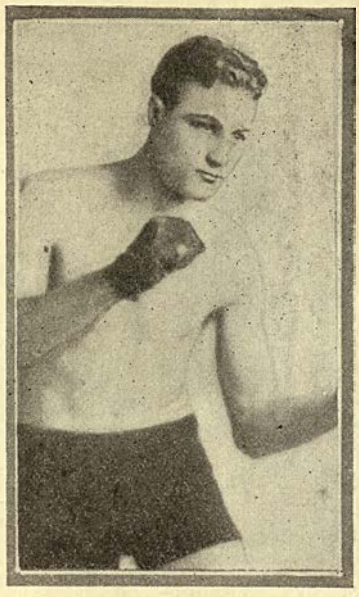
Will Al Wolgast, brother of the great Ad, regain the lost laurels for his family? Ad received his start in Milwaukee twelve years ago. Now comes Al to town and in his only two starts here was returned victorious by the K. O. route. Otto Wallace lasted five rounds with Wolgast, while Jack Lang lasted but one round. Wolgast's next appearance in Milwaukee will be with either Jimmy Muzzy or Harry Kahn, a pair of Milwaukee's promising lightweights. Wolgast is being handled by Jimmy Flynn of Cadillac, Mich.

Not given much show by his home town promoters, Joe Azzarella, Milwaukee junior lightweight, was contented to do most of his boxing at smaller clubs in the state. East Chicago promoters granted Joe an opportunity to box Sammy Mandell, the Rockford "Flash." The popular little Italian lost the verdict but forced Mandell to step his fastest to win. He made a big hit with Chicago fans and has been offered a series of bouts at East Chicago by Promoter Howard Carr.

The fall season will see another Mitchell in the ring, for Jack Mitchell, after boxing as an amateur for the past two years, will join the professional rank. Jack boxes as a featherweight and is certain to meet with the same success that his brothers Richie and Pinky did.

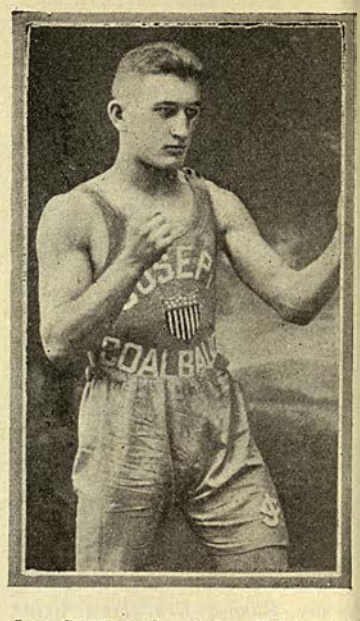


Jack Eshelman, latest middleweight sensation from Pennsylvania.



Al Walther, welterweight aspirant from Canton, Ohio.

Benny Dotson, crack featherweight from the Pacific Coast.



Joe Coalbaugh, junior lightweight from Duryea, Pa.

Joe Jawson, the Polish boy with the chin of Vermont granite, is making good in the East. Joe's style and aggressiveness have made him a prime favorite. Joe is preparing to keep step with Lohengrin's wedding march in the near future, and the coin now collecting will come in handy when he starts to furnish the family mansion.

"Red" Berman's budding lightweight Harry Kahn is up in the Northern woods preparing for a busy fall campaign.

Roy Conley, the "Fighting Parson," is back from a successful trip to the Pacific Coast. Win or lose Conley can always be depended on to put up a hard battle. He is being managed by Al Fain, of Milwaukee.

Richie Mitchell, Milwaukee's popular lightweight, is doing well in his sporting goods business. Richie also conducts a boxing school and the future greats take instructions from the boy that gave Bennie Leonard his hardest battle.

Joey Sangor, although the favorite, lost a shade decision to Eddie Anderson at Aurora, Ill., on July 25. Sangor in a previous affair had beaten Anderson. The Milwaukee lad took but two rounds. Five went to Anderson, while three were even. Sangor is a very promising boy, but the long lay-offs between fights are not doing him much good.

Ernie Goozeman, Pacific Coast featherweight who has adopted Milwaukee as his home, has an outdoor training camp on Okauchee Lake, Wis., where many boxers do their training for pending bouts. Ernie is grooming Billy Bunch, a promising bantam.

NEW ORLEANS GOSSIP
By CLIFF ABBO

Fight fans around the country, principally the Middle West, probably were amazed to read the news dispatches of the Bryan Downey-Young Marullo bout, which resulted in a nine-round technical knockout for Marullo, a product of New Orleans. It was the first time Downey has ever been stopped in some ten years of active ring work, and the impressiveness of the thing is emphasized by the remark of Downey just before the bell clanged for the tenth round.

"I can't go any further. I am dead. Throw in the towel," was what Downey said. Jimmy Dunn, well-known handler, promptly tossed in the signal of withdrawal.

Downey, a man who claimed half interest in Johnny Wilson's middleweight title, who accuses Jack Britton with getting the benefit of a long count in Canton, Ohio, which deprived him of the welterweight title, had gone down before a youngster who was engaging in his thirty-first battle. It also will be remembered that Downey defeated Jack Delaney two months ago, shortly after Delaney stopped Berlenbach, and two weeks before the Marullo contest fought Ted Moore, losing on points.

All of this passed in review for the fans when they read of that Downey defeat, and they naturally wondered: "Who is this Marullo?"

A rough Italian lad whose facial expression is somewhat similar to Firpo's. Twenty-one years of age is Marullo. His greatest ring weapon is the kidney punch, which is permitted here, and it is this blow which wreaked havoc on Downey and other opponents in recent months.

Marullo first started boxing October 24, 1920, and since that time has had few battles. Not until May 11, 1923, did he begin an active campaign which makes him now appear almost unbeatable. He went right straight through twelve opponents, including Downey, scoring eleven knockouts in that many starts. The only man to stay the limit with Marullo was Ray Neumann of Jersey City, he clashing with the Italian on May 17, 1924. Johnny Shea, twice, Harry Krohn, Jimmy King, Soldier Buck, Steve Choynski, Young Denny, Bob Sage, Harry Foley, are the men who were toppled over. Sage is rated among the best middleweights in the country.

They all go down the same way. Marullo employs his kidney punch in a chopping way, much the same as Firpo's chop punch. He brings it down with terrific force against the left kidney. In time the man receiving the blow can hardly walk.

At present there is some sentiment being stirred against the use of the punch, inasmuch as it is not employed in any of the other States permitting boxing. It is not a thing of beauty, this kidney blow, nor is it scientific. Yet, it is Marullo's sole weapon of offense, and to bar it would mean Marullo would be at a loss against a real clever man.

The Marullo-Downey fight drew $4,200, and against some good opponent, it is probable that Marullo will draw a capacity house next start.

Promoter Frankie Edwards, after several weeks' effort, finally succeeded in bringing Pancho Villa, flyweight champion, here for a battle with Kid Carlin, local bantamweight sensation. They met in a fifteen-round bout on August 18, at the Coliseum arena, the prices being $2 to $7, and the people were turned away. It was a no-decision thing, so there will be claims from either side for the next few weeks.

Carlin is a great attraction here and will pack them in with anyone.

Frankie Mantell, hailing from Akron, Ohio, slipped in on the fans recently and took a dive to Red Hill after two rounds of stalling. It was a horrible exhibition and the boxing commission took up the license of Referee Joe McClymon because he did not disqualify Mantell and hold up his money. McClymon, however, was the goat, the commission being lax in their advance investigation of Mantell. He was on the scene ten days before the battle and even the commissions ought to be able to suspect a bimbo in this length of time.

Basil Galiano, Southern lightweight champion, engaged Mel Coogan in a fifteen rounder on August 11. It was the third meeting between the pair. Coogan substituted for Harry Kid Brown, who refused to come here after agreeing to terms.

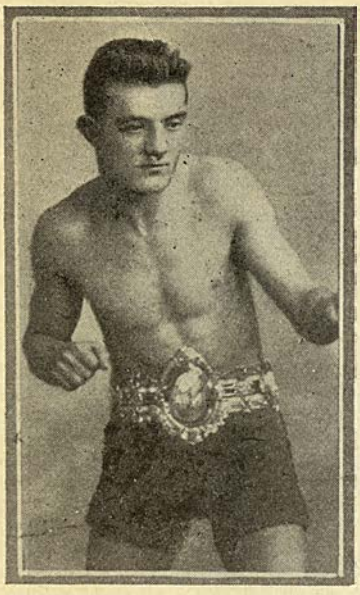
The veteran Indian Russell made his debut down this way when he engaged Jack Doyle in a ten-rounder at Biloxi, a summer resort near by.

The promoters are experiencing some difficulty in getting an opponent for Joe Matranga, Algiers lightweight artist. Jack Zivic, Harry Brown, Tommy O'Brien and others have been offered a chance at the kayo artist, but passed him up.

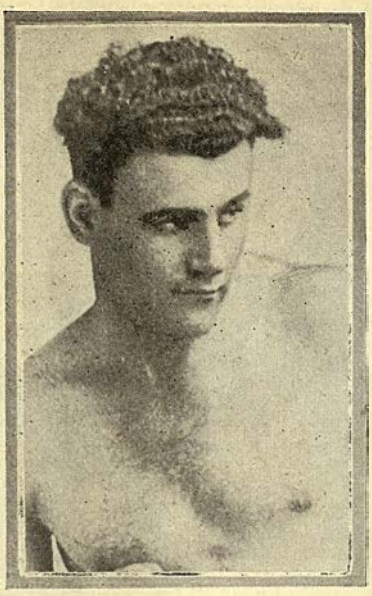
Tommy Freeman probably will face Eddie Burnbrooke or Red Hill in a battle here in the near future. He then will go to the Pacific Coast to clash with Bert Colima, the lad who recently beat Dave Shade.

Eddie O'Dowd, who has three times fought important contests in Madison Square Garden, fought Eddie McKenna here during August in an elimination match to get a crack at Kid Carlin in the near future.

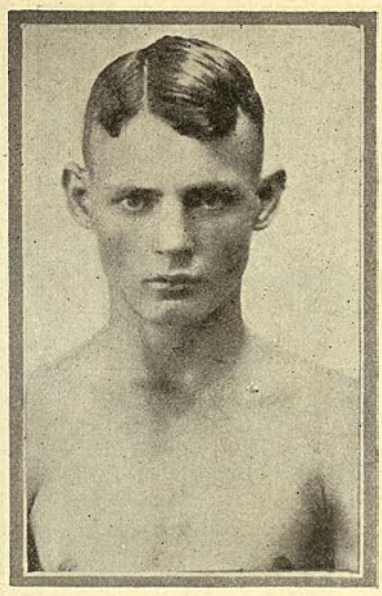
Johnny Cox is anxious to get Billy Britton in here, and promoters probably will send him against Young Marullo in the near future.



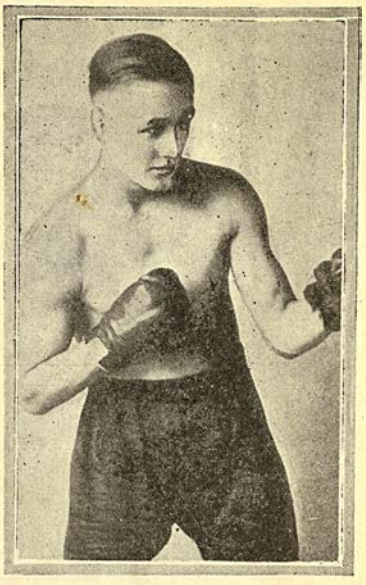
Elky Clark, who is the recognized flyweight champion of Great Britain.



Dan O'Connell of Raritan, N. J., who is the latest of the younger crop of heavyweights.



Boots Antley, newly crowned featherweight champion of the South.



Georgie Sollis, Portland, Ore., featherweight, who is highly recommended.

IN AUSTRALIA

By Jack Munro

The English featherweight, Joe Fox, has been a sensation in Melbourne. He has also made quite a big piece of money. In fact, he has made more than he ever expected, averaging over $2,500 each contest. So far he has had four bouts and if fifty-fifty on the winning end. He has won out and lost against our former champion, Bert Sparge, boxed a draw with Featherweight Champion Billy Grime, and fought a draw with Bert Ristuccia. Charlie Harvey, who sent Joe across, is delighted with his protege's doings. Joe's brother, George, had two contests and lost both, and is on his way back to England.

The Californian, Battler George Eagel, who had a big run of success in Australia, has gone to Manila, P. I., He also intends visiting Singapore, South Africa and Europe. The Californian left Australia with a fat wad of greenbacks. He sholud have a good time during his trip.

Bob Laga, who came to Australia with Mel Coogan and Fred Jacks, is in Australia again. Bob has in tow two colored boxers, Jean Fernandez, lightweight, and Angel Bell, featherweight. Laga should make no mistake in any boxers he brings out, as he knows the class we want.

The Canadian featherweight, Curley Wilshur, arrived in Sydney by the S.S. Niagara on June 28. The Canadian should be a great money getter.

Ernie Rice, the ex-lightweight champion, accompanied by the English featherweight, Harry Whybrow, landed in Sydney on July 2.

Ted (Kid) Lewis, former world's welter champion, is anxious to visit Australia again.

Stadiums Ltd. general manager, Jack Munro who has made many Australian champions by staging tournaments, has another under weigh. He is giving $10,000 in prize money for the various divisions. The great Les Darcy was discovered in a tournament.

There is a great boom in boxing in Australia. A near champion can get more money in the Antipodes than in any other country. Australians do not want the clever stuff, hit and get away. They want the fighter who will fight. A boxer may be beaten in Australia but as long as he gives the fans a fight for their money, he will always be a box office attraction.

Boxers wishing to make the trip to Australia are requested to communicate with Joe Woodman, Putnam Building, Broadway, New York, or in California, at Sol Levison's, Market Street, San Francisco, and George Blake, Athletic Club, Los Angeles.

Earl France, one of your lightweight, has returned to U. S. A. Earl had bad luck in Australia. In his first fight against Les Murray, he badly sprained his ankle and had to give up, and against Jack Dale he received a nasty cut over the eye, the flow of blood blinding him and the referee stopped the fight. His other contest was against the Englishman, Alf Simmons, Simmons winning in a close contest. Earl, with his gentle manly way, made a heap of friends in Australia.

Billy Shade and his Australian wife is again with us. Billy boxed our heavyweight champion, Ern Waddy, in Melbourne on Saturday, June 21.

General Manager Jack Munro staged a few benefits two weeks ago at the Historic Rushcutters Bay Stadium, for the widow of the late George Mendies, who reecntly died from the result of a boxing contest against Harry Gordon. More than $10,000 was handed over to Mrs. Mendies.

BITS FROM THE SOUTHWEST AND MEXICO

By DON CEE

The only boxing show promoted in San Antonio, the hub city of all boxing in Texas, during the month of July, was a charity affair given for the benefit of the boy and girl scouts of the Alamo City.

Jack Shelton, of San Antonio, promoted the monster benefit show and after the final check-up of receipts, it was found the scouts were benefited by something over $1,200. This will keep them in camp and buy them equipment.

The promoter of the big Boy Scout Benefit boxing show and all the boxers who participated, donated their services. They received no money for their work, but they got advertising in local sport papers that money could not buy. The San Antonio Light (a Hearst publication) was sponsoring the Scout boxing show.

Hundreds of women were satisfied witnesses of the big scout boxing carnival and many of theme were undoubtedly converted into hot fight fans which, to be sure, is what the game needs in every section where it is not legalized. With enough women pulling for a well-drafted boxing law in Texas, the game would be certain to be legalized.

Bobby Greene and Jack Tolar, two welterweights and both of San Antonio, boxed the six-round windup on the Boy Scout card. Greene had years of experience over Tolar and it was apparent that he was not trying to hurt his younger opponent.

Kid Pancho, flyweight of Southwestern fame, put on a four-round exhibition against Freddie Tinoco, a young Mexican boy, who looks to be the goods and will without a doubt make good in his chosen profession. He works as smoothly as oil and very seldom makes a miss. Tinoco is now fifteen years of age, but has had a couple of years experience and besides is a mail order pupil of Mike Gibbons.

Bert Brannon and Johnny Merino, a couple of fast, hard hitting junior lightweights, boxed four rounds in a thrilling match, that went to Brannan by a slight shade.

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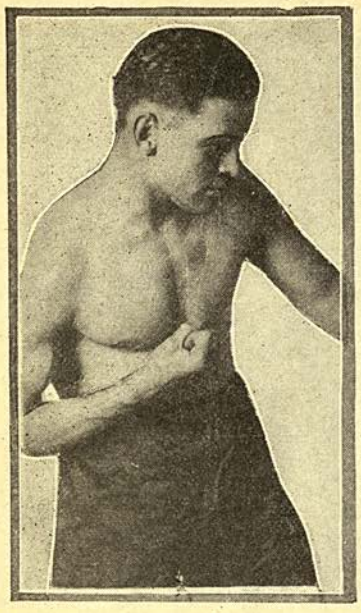
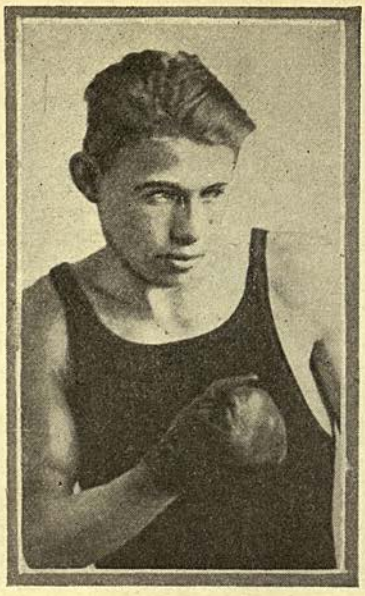
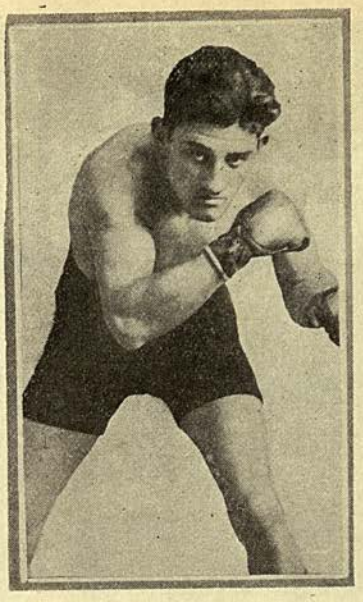


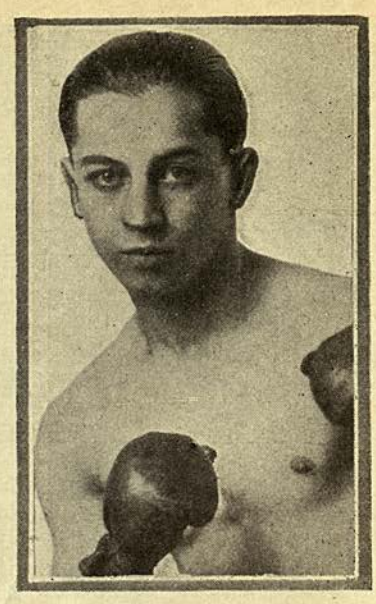
Rocky Smith, the Battle Creek Assassin, who packs a terrific wallop on his right hand, and recently knocked out Jimmy Kelly.



Izzy Cooper, New York City's latest fistic revelation. He is a featherweight



Kid Pancho, flyweight contender from Texas, who is rated highly in his class.



Connie Curry, Sioux City bantamweight contender, who possesses much skill.

HEARD ON PACIFIC COAST
By LEACH CROSS

The biggest upset in Coast boxing circles was furnished on July 16 at Los Angeles, when Dave Shade, picked by the New York State Boxing Commission as the most logical opponent for Mickey Walker in a bout for the world's welterweight championship, was outfought by Bert Colima and lost a four-round decision. Of course, four rounds, unless one is thoroughly acclimated, as the boys on the Coast are, is a short space for a man like Shade to get going properly, yet the fact remains that Shade was outpointed clearly and cleanly, hence Colima's stock has been boosted sky high.

While on the subject of the four-round Coast boxers, it might not be amiss to say that there are at least ten good boxers in the divisions from flyweight to welterweight, who would make a hit in New York should they care to make the trip. Colima for one, and Hymie Gold are gong fine here and would be fine attractions in the city where I made my ring fortune.

Then there is a New Yorker here, Solly Seaman, who has been battling the cream of the lightweights, welterweights and in some cases even middleweights, with pronounced success. Solly is a great, two-fisted fighter. He won the junior lightweight title on the Coast and then found himself shunned by all rivals, with the result he had to take on all comers in other divisions to keep from starving. Solly expects to return to the East before Christmas, and let me predict he will be a headliner there.

Eddie Mahoney, of Fresno, is a lightweight who carries a good wallop and pleases those who pay the freight. His four round victory over Freddie Bonnillias, recently, was a hummer.

Seattle has two good welterweight boxers in Dode Bercot and Bobby Harper. These boys recently engaged in a contest that kept the fans on edge from start to finish.

Benny Pascal, who hails from Philadelphia, found, much to his discomfiture, that Coast bantams are not easy marks. Pascal tackled Young Sallee, San Bernardino's clever bantam sensation, and Pascal lasted just one minute and two seconds. Sallee is a comer. He bears watching.

One of the best feathers developed in some time on the Coast is Mike Segal, an Oakland lad. He has done most of his fighting in the Sacramento valley region. In the past few months Mike scored many victories in Sacramento and Marysville.

They are saying a great deal about the fistic prowess of Red Uhlan, Los Angeles middleweight. He is a southpaw. Right along he has been more than holding his own with the best 160-pounders hereabouts.

The dope is that Joe Simonich is the most rugged welter to hit these parts in a good, long time. He hails from Montana where he used to wrestle around a bit. He scales 145 pounds at 2 o'clock. In some performances he has surprised the experts with his clean cut and decisive manner of hitting.

Willie O'Brien is a corking prospect in the junior lightweight division. Some time ago Willie sprung a fistic surprise by beating a 'Frisco rival. He is a good, stiff puncher and crowds plenty of action in his work.

Jack Reeves, the blond-haired battler, who has not been seen in here in almost four years, has returned to his former stronghold. Reeves at one time was touted as a fine middleweight prospect, but nostalgia got the better of him and he quit Los Angeles for places in the South and East. Reeves is as tough as of yore. He has been boxing across the bay and with success.

Joe Egan, formerly of Boston, is making a hit here. Joe is a two-fisted fighter whose style pleases. Recently he whipped Jimmy Slattery of Buffalo and lost a decision to Young Stribling. On July 13 he won over Race Horse Roberts in Portland, Oregon.

Sailor Mike Hector, middleweight champion of the Pacific Fleet, is doing considerable boxing in Coast clubs. He has a large following. The jolly tar is a favorite because of his aggressiveness. He is rough, tough and strong. Hector has fought all over the continent. He has won battles in South America, Panama and in the South.

Eddie Mahoney has returned to the ring after a layoff of seven months. Eddie recently gave the fans a run for their money at the Dreamland Pavilion where his showing against Mike Doyle was the subject of considerable favorable comment. Eddie is a clever fighter.

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.
By TOM STEVENS

Having completely recovered from his motor accident at Capistrano, California, Jack Dempsey, the world's heavyweight champ, is now finishing up the last episode of his series of "Fight to Win" pictures.

Jack spends considerable time at the Barbara hotel in Los Angeles, where he looks after his real estate with Teddy Hayes, his trainer and secretary. Apparently the Manassa Mauler is unconcerned in the matter of doing combat with anyone right now, as his vast amount of property in the Movie City has been bringing in lots of money.

Jack Silver, recognized as the Coast lightweight champion by virtue of his recent victory over Johnny O'Donnell, overlooked a chance to get a nice shot in Madison Square Garden in New York when he and his manager packed up and left for the East. In his absence Tom Kennedy, who runs the Hollywood arena, staged a tournament for the Coast title, which resulted in leaving two inferior boxers to fight it out for the honors, after a series of rank decisions by local judges.

Johnny Adams, the youthful contender from this city, and Oakland Frankie Burns, a veteran of hundreds of ring battles, were due to meet for the title as we go to press. Silver handily trounced Adams in San Francisco recently, and is a much better fighter than Burns. At that, Silver should go a long ways in the East, as he is of championship caliber in the opinion of such authorities as James J. Corbett, Benny Leonard and a few more.

Johnny Dell, former Coast welter, is now boxing in Louisville, Kentucky, but contemplates returning to the Pacific side in the next few months. Dell is a good two-handed fighter and a mighty good crowd pleaser who improves after every start.

Spug Meyers, the little mauler from Pocatello, Idaho, is going great guns these days. The youthful protege of Spider Roach lost the Coast title by a poor verdict, after it looked as though he had the honors tucked away nicely.

Jack Doyle, who runs the Vernon Coliseum, caters to a weekly crowd of eight to ten thousand these days. Jack is known to every not-

able in the boxing world and is a veteran of the 20-round days when the cream of the country displayed their stuff to Coast fans at his stadium.

Jack has the reputation of a good fellow on this side and has contributed liberally to the support of old-time fighters, whose dissipation has left them helpless in their old age. It was at Doyle's arena that over $30,000 was realized for the Milk Fund show, when Dempsey bowled over three victims. A collection at his house also brought Sam Langford enough money to go East and have his eyesight restored by an operation.

Considerable comment is in progress as to whether or not West Coast fans will accept the ten-round boxing bill if the same becomes a law. It is true that it has been indorsed by thousands of fans who wish to see boxing professionalized in California instead of being run under an amateur status as at present, but the majority of rabid rooters have become so attached to the four-round game, where the boxer can afford to step at a lively rate for 12 minutes, that it is hard to believe they will welcome the longer round where stamina and vitality must be preserved in the early sessions for a fast finish.

UPPER NEW YORK STATE NEWS
By LEN CARLSON

Boxing in Jamestown and vicinity and in fact in all the third class cities has been temporarily killed in this state by the rules of the boxing commission. The commission has a perfect right to see that boxers live up to their contracts with the clubs and that the promoters pay the pugilists for their services and that no fake and equally arranged bouts are staged, but they should keep their hands off as far as dictating to the club matchmakers whom they should match and what they should pay the boxers.

Third class cities cannot stand the heavy expense of the preliminary boxers, which is a rule of the commission that all cities regardless of size pay an equal amount for their runner-up bouts and also the heavy drag of carrying along judges which have proven a detriment to the game.

The $10 a round rule is only a drop in the bucket to Jimmy Johnson, Tex Rickard and a few other promoters of that sort, but they kill the club whose average gate is but $800. Many boxing lovers in this vicinity are forced to spend two days to witness a boxing match, to say nothing of the heavy expense and this all could be eliminated if the commission in this state will change some of its rules so far as third class cities are concerned.

At Mingo Junction, O., on July 17, Bert Schneider won the popular verdict over Al Walthers in ten of the hardest fought rounds ever seen in the Ohio Valley. This was the second meeting of this pair and the match was such a sensational encounter with the padded mittens that promoters all throughout the Valley are after this pair for a third go.

Schneider showed great improvement over his last go with the Canton boy, staged in June in the same ring.

PITTSBURGH NOTES
By BILLIE LEWIS

Pittsburgh will hold a few open air shows in August and September with John McGarvey and John Bell doing the promoting.

The match that all Pittsburgh is waiting for is the Cuddy Demarco-Jack Zivic affair, and another that should go big would be Harry Greb-Jock Malone, Mickey Walker-Eddie Shevlin, of Boston.

There is some talk of a new fight club starting in the North Side of Pittsburgh and if it goes over a club in that part of the city would be a huge success as a number of good boys reside in that locality.

Benny Lewis, "the fighting ghost" of Boston, is now located in Pittsburgh. Lewis holds decisions over some of the best feathers in the East and expects to start fighting here soon.

Red Siebert, of the North Side, is back from Texas where he defeated the best lightweight that the promoters could match him against. He is now ready to strut his stuff before the best lightweights around the Smoky City.

Battling Dick Hyland, the Buffalo lightweight, is now in our midst. He lives on the North Side and has placed himself under the management of the writer.

Every time one of the promoters offers some of the so-called middleweight stars a match with Homer Robertson, they suddenly develop broken arms or legs or some ailment.

Ray Showers, of Pittsburgh, has won his last three fights in Ohio. If Ray will pay strict attention to fighting, he will be one of the best flyweights in the East.

It is said that North Side Eagles No. 827 will hold amateur boxing shows this winter with Jack Henderson, the popular A. A. U. referee, behind the movement.

NOTES FROM OREGON
By JOE MAZUROSKY

Peter Mitchie, the well known welterweight, is knocking them over in the Eastern Washington territory. He recently showed his mettle by giving Ted Krache an awful lacing, but he lost the decision.

Notice—This is for the benefit of the Eastern boxes who are intending to visit the Coast. If in want of bouts, get in touch with Virgil Hamlin, of the Portland Gymnasium, 129½ Fourth street, Portland, Ore. Mr. Hamlin is handling many of the top-notchers of the Pacific Coast.

"Babe" Herman, the sensational Californian featherweight, fought Joe Gorman, of Portland, Ore., July 29. Herman has many bouts booked for the ensuing months.

Johnny Farr stood a real test when he encountered Mack Hillard, the K. O. featherweight of Portland, Ore. Farr is a rugged fighter and has always performed to the satisfaction of the fight fans.

Frankie Grandetta, the Spokane "Sheik," has just come back from his invasion in the Californian territory. Portland fans are anxious to see him in action again, so matchmaker Hansen has signed him up to meet Harry Soo, the fighting Chinaman, for a special event.

"Babe" Mazurosky was seen in action again July 31, at Enterprise, Ore. He fought Johnny Farr in the main event, for the big show sponsored by the American Legion.

Roy Sutherland is back from his invasion in California, where he met with considerable success.

Oakland Jimmy Duffy is going great in California. Just the other day he put Young Carmen, Pacific Coast lightweight champion, away in one minute and sixteen seconds. Duffy is in line for many matches around the coast.

Mack Lillard, local flyweight, who has knocked out all eight of his opponents, is looking for higher game. His manager says that in a year or so he will take Mack East for awhile and give the Eastern boys much trouble.

FISTIC NEWS OF GEORGIA
By COLEMAN McGRILL

Lew Silver, Southern premier featherweight, after a layoff of six months, due to an injury to his shoulder, resumed the good work of toppling over his opponents. Silver was featured by the promoters in Tampa, Fla., on July 4 on an all-star card, and kayoed Eddie Britt, a real tough youngster, in the third round of a scheduled ten-round bout.

Silver, who is by far the best drawing attraction in this neck of the woods, due to the great fights he generally puts up, is in big demand hereabouts. The promoters are finding it hard to secure suitable opponents for the dental student.

Larry Avers, southern champion in 140-pound class, is another one of the Southern fighters who is so superior to anything hereabouts. The "Blond Irishman" fought himself out of opponents and he, just like Silver, is compelled to step out of his weight class to get work around here.

Among the little fellows who are active around these parts, are: Boots Antley, who looks promising; Arti McCann; Antonio Valdes, the little Cuban 120-pounder; Johnny Marlowe and Dick Leonard, the last two named are from Savannah, Ga.

Walk Miller, manager of "Tiger" Flowers, colored middleweight, is keeping his speed demon going at a dizzy pace. Flowers is one of the most popular battlers around the South. His behavior outside of the ring, and manners in the ring when in action, are something that all colored battlers could follow. Flowers is strictly a Georgian, having spent all of his life here. He is one of the best drawing cards in the South.

Billy McGowan, who at times has been acting as sparring partner for Young Stribling, has deserted the Stribling camp. He now is hot on the trail of Young Stribling. Billy thinks he can defeat Stribling if they should ever meet again. McGowan faced Stribling twice, losing the decision both times, but he gave the Georgia peach a tough argument. Billy no doubt has improved some. He is only 20 years old.

Another youngster who will bear watching around here is Hollis Sullivan, junior featherweight. The little Irish lad is steadily improving. The promoters here are planning of a meeting between Sullivan and Tim O'Dowd in the near future.

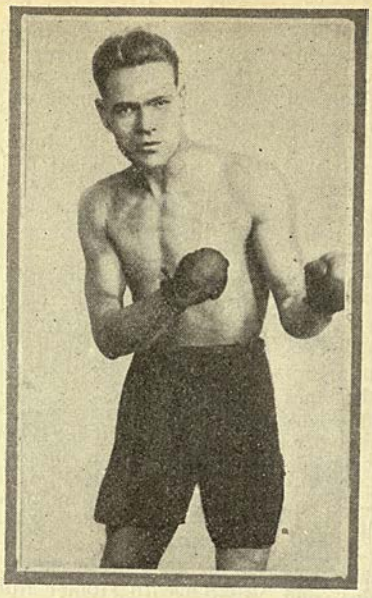
Jake Abel, retired welterweight who has been handling the padded mitts for thirteen years, meeting all the star performers in the game, is now the owner of the Wilmot Hotel in this city. Abel, when in the ring, was the most popular performer hereabouts and a big attraction. All visiting boxers and most local talent, always make it their point to stop over and shake hands with the former pug.

Another old-timer around here is Eddie Hanlon, who is on the local police force. Of late Hanlon has been acting in the roll of referee and has proven a very capabe referee. His work in the recent Stribbling-Dan O'Dowd show, and Stribing-Bill Shade, was of a high-class caliber.

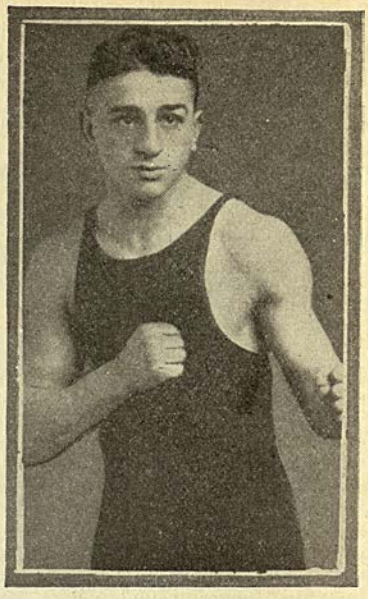
The game throughout the South is rather

Battling Monroe, Omaha's representative in the lightweight ranks.

Jackie Gordon, Brooklyn's rapid improving bantamweight.



Jack Davis, New York welterweight, who is advancing steadily.



Harry Martin of Providence, R. I., who is a brother of Terry Martin.

dull during these hot spells. Savannah has not been drawing enough to make it worth while for the promoters. Macon staged a show July 4 and did not do as well as the promoters expected. Columbus, Ga., is puling a show now and then. Atlanta is staging shows once a month, and drawing fairly good houses.

Atlanta ringworms, who have watched Young Stribling and Tiger Flowers rise from obscurity to national prominence, today are training their optics upon the classic features of a young dental student here, Lew Silver, a featherweight, who has won 32 of his 35 professional fights, and right now is knocking the socks off every man at his weight in the South.

Silver learned to box under the direction of Jake Abel, the veteran welterweight who fought Benny Leonard, Jack Britton, Ted Lewis and Charley White when in his prime. He has all the boxing cleverness of Abel and in addition is one of the hardest hitters Southern pugilism has produced, as shown by a very ong string of knockouts.

Lew is managed by Max Abelson, brother of Jake Abel, and a veteran in the ring game.

Society women and girls sold tickets to the Scout carnival, which is another good point for boxing.

The San Antonio committee for the milk fund is having such a struggle to gain its quota, it might be a good idea for them to put on a big boxing show, the proceeds of which would swell the milk fund considerably.

Babe Galen, the sheik of all pugdom around Central Texas, is going about winning his every start in a sure business-like manner. Galen is the possessor of an exceptionally long pair of arms. He generally deals his opponents a big package of misery with his hard left jab and fast right cross. Galen's most recent victims have been Battling Reyes and Frankie Ford, two tough bantams of the second-class rank.

Last month it was rumored from Mike Vasquez's home in El Paso, Texas, that he had been stabbed to death by a bull fighter in Mexico City, Mexico. The rumor is unfounded, however, as Mike is sound and well and still in Mexico, boxing regularly and with great success.

After having piled up a string of knockouts over the best junior lightweights the Southwest could offer, while sojourning in Mexico City, Mike Vasquez, the great little El Paso Junior Lightweight Mexican, ran into a mess of trouble when he tackled Brook Stevens, of San Antonio, the first week in July, for, as the report was sent to Stevens' mother, Vasquez was unable to respond to the bell beginning the thirteenth round, so the fight was awarded to Stevens. Vasquez had a month or so previous mauled Stevens all over a San Antonio ring from pillar to post, but it seemed Stevens was very weak, as he had taken off about ten pounds to make 130 pounds. It probably was a different story in Mexico City, with Stevens getting into the ring at somewhere near his best fighting weight, which is around 135 pounds.

George Hudson, a tough lightweight of San Antonio, is wanted for bouts down in Mexico. Hudson recently returned from Mexico, where he fought Battling Chico and Chuck Burns. Hudson has also recently fought in Ft. Clark, Texas. When looking for a tough trial horse the promoters send for Hudson, because he can about give any of the lights or welters a good try-out.

The Texas-Mexico border cities have slowed up so far as boxing is concerned on account of the typhus fever epidemic which recently broke out along the border army posts. Practically all boxing along the border is staged in army camp arenas or in cities where there is an army unit stationed.

Billy Williams, who recently made a tour of the Middle West and East looking for bouts, is back in San Antonio for a short rest, but by the time this is on the press he states he will be in first-class trim and ready to take on any bantamweight in the Southwest.

Williams is especially desirous of meeting Babe Galen, or any of the best San Antonio bantams before he invades his old ranging territory along the border where he made his first debut into the boxing game. Billy Williams was considered the border bantamweight champion in 1922-1923. While in Baltimore recently, Williams fought three times and previous to that had two bouts in Indianapolis, Ind.

Houston, Texas, boasts a line-up of top-notch glove wielders in the persons of Jimmy Guest, "Wild Cat" Ewing and Johnny Thompson, lightweights, and Jimmy Wayne, flyweight. The Houston boys are all back in harness after a long vacation and will be ready for work ere this is off the press.

Jimmy Guest, of Houston, has placed himself under the management of Don Curley, who operates in San Antonio, Texas. It remains to be seen how successful the Guest-Curley combination will be, as Guest will train and live in Houston, while Curley will continue to make San Antonio his headquarters. Guest has stood up before many good ones and notable among his best fights is a ten-round draw against Tommy White, who recently defeated Erbie Moak at Baton Rouge, La.

Ike Rives, a real friend to boxing, who is met and known by all the American boxers who journey to Tampico, Mexico, is now on a vacation. He is visiting in South Texas in the Rio Grande Valley, where he and his brother own a string of stores in several of the small valley towns. Rives lets his brother manage the stores. He started back for Tampico by August 1, because he claims he can make more money in Mexico, than he can in the U. S.

San Antonio promoters are trying hard to get Tiger Flowers, of Atlanta, Ga., and are making all sorts of offers to Walk Miller, who pilots the black tornado. Miller has promised the Alamo City promoters he would bring the Tiger out on some off date, but it seems he has no off dates, as every time we pick up a newspaper or sporting magazine, we see where Tiger Flowers is matched against so and so in the East, or he has just finished whipping someone here or there. It is hoped that Flowers can be shown in San Antonio soon after he meets Harry Grebb in Fremont, Ohio, on August 14. El Paso, Texas, and Mexico City both have made large offers to Walk Miller for his Tiger.

WIRED FROM MILWAUKEE

By TOM ANDREWS

Author of "Ring Battles of Centuries"

Joe Azzarella, the Milwaukee junior lightweight, made a name for himself when he put up a hurricane battle against Sammy Mandell, the Chicago flash, at East Chicago, the other evening.

Sammy, fresh from his victories over some of the classiest boys in the country, was looked on as a sure winner over the Milwaukee boy, but Azzarella gave Sammy the surprise of his young life. From the tap of the gong until the close Joe never let up an instant and at the finish there was little to choose between them, although the Chicago papers gave Mandell the shade.

After the battle Sammy met Azzarella and told him that he had given him a much harder battle than the Eastern stars. Joe felt elated and his manager, Hymie Lebo, immediately became a challenger for Kid Sullivan's crown, formerly held by Johnny Dundee. Azzarella is also after a match with Jack Bernstein, the Yonkers star junior lightweight and they may come together a bit later in Milwaukee, or in one of the Eastern cities. Azzarella is an Italian and has been boxing around Milwaukee for the past three years, but only came to the front the past year.

"They all go to the well once too often," is an old, but very true saying, especially among boxers.

Frankie Burns, the veteran lightweight of Oakland, Calif., just recently met his match in a four-round match at Hollywood, Calif., in Johnny Adams, a youngster of San Bernardino. The latter was too aggressive for Frankie and set a pace that he could not follow. At the end the decision went to Adams.

Frankie is just 33 years old now and has been fighting the best of the 135 pounders since 1908. During his career he has battled such tough ones as Matty Baldwin, One-Round Hogan, Owen Moran, Howard Baker, Lew Powell, Ad Wolgast, Jack Britton, Tommy Murphy, Frankie Farren. Willie Ritchie, Grover Hayes, Johnny McCarthy, Joe Azevdo and a bunch of others. However, Frankie has found the going too strenuous of late and is now considering a permanent retirement. It took Ad Wolgast seventeen rounds to beat him when the Cadillac star was at his best.

IOWA-NEBRASKA BOXING NOTES
By DON FAIN

Morris Schlaiffer, Omaha's great welterweight, made a serious mistake when he stacked up against Ted Moore, the English middleweight, in their recent go at Henderson's Bowl at Brooklyn. According to reports emanating from New York, Schlaiffer dropped Moore in one of the rounds and gave him a stiff argument, but the handicap of ten pounds in the weights, with height and reach against him, Morris was unable to show at his best.

Morris has accumulated a tremendous following in the big city, and will always be welcomed there. All the world loves a heavy hitter—and a game loser—and Morrie has proved that he possesses those qualifications.

Schlaiffer turned in a victory recently over Tillie Kid Herman, of Chicago, in seven rounds. Herman went along nicely until he attempted to swap punches with the Omaha Hebrew and caught one of Morrie's left hooks in the face. Herman took his defeat gracefully and made many friends in Omaha eevn though he lost. Schlaiffer said after the fight that Herman was the cleanest fighter he had ever mixed with and paid the Mexican a compliment on his boxing ability.

Tiny Herman, heavyweight from the Jack Lewis stable, took a flyer for Louisville, Ky., recently, where he gave Mr. Wild Bill Reed a boxing lesson.

Herman looms up as a most formidable socker when one looks into the record he has piled up. Tiny in 24 bouts has been defeated but twice, has won 15 starts via the knockout route, drew in 2 bouts, and copped decisions in teh other 3 contests. He lost to Fulton and Renault and is very anxious to meet both these men again. It is likely that Herman will be given a chance with Renault sometime this month at Michigan City.

Battling Munroe, stellar light heavyweight of Omaha, has been reinstated by the Nebraska Boxing Commission and is training daily for several bouts Manager Lewis has lined up for him. Munroe lost a golden opportunity to gain fame when he was matched with Battling Siki and the show was called off on account of an auto accident to the Sengalese that sent the Jungle Man to the hospital for repairs. Munroe is anxious to get Siki, Tiger Flowers or any other good man in the ring with him, just to prove that he is as good as his handlers and the press have claimed him to be.

Charlie Long, Omaha welter, stopped Ray Carter in five rounds at O'Neill, Nebraska, on Independence Day afternoon. Carter was down seevral times in the course of the battle and the issue was never in doubt.

Ace Hudkins, of Lincoln, Nebraska, is without a doubt the class of the 133-pounders doing their stuff around these parts. He recently gave Reddy Blanchard a bad set-back when he stopped the game little sorrel-topped boxer in the fourth round of a scheduled ten-round go in Omaha last month.

Hudkins is now working with Morrie Schlaiffer. He is under the management of Pat Boyle. This should prove a hard stable for Hudkins and Boyle are Irish, and Morrie is the toughest Jewish boy in the game. It is hoped by friends of the trio that they never get to fighting among themselves.

Sailor Liston, Council Bluffs welterweight, beat Glen Milligan, Sioux City, and drew with One-Step Watson of Omaha in bouts at South Omaha in July. Liston is a cool, heady boxer with a fair punch, but lacks speed.

The Griswold, Iowa, Post of the American Legion ran three shows in July and had a good live card of bouts on July 4. The ex-soldiers are so pleased with the success of their ventures that they plan to run one high-class show a month until the weather forces them indoors, where the close seating capacity may force them off the better attractions.

Waterloo, Iowa, boxing fans were given a real pugilistic treat when Ralph Alexander, Iowa's fast stepping heavy, boxed ten sizzling round swith Bud Gorman. Gorman got an early lead, but Alexander drew upon a reserve and had Bud groggy in the final round. Fans declare it was one of the greatest bouts that Iowa has had in years and was full of hard socking and action from the first bell until the last. Gorman and Alexander will try it again in the near future and it is a foregone conclusion that they will draw a record house.

Ernie Holmes, prince of goodfellows and Omaha sportsman, extends through THE RING a cordial invitation to all out-of-town boxers and their handlers to make his big Recreation Parlors their headquarters while visiting Omaha. Mr. Holmes is an ardent backer of eevrything pertaining to clean sport and visitors who fail to meet the jovial Ernie are missing something worth while.

Teddy Gartin won a decision over Bat Herrara at Denver recently, and will go from Denver to the West Coast for a rest. Gartin will then pack his bags and hike for the East to get set for a hard winter campaign.

Dave Barry, Chicago, who officiated the Herman-Schlaiffer bout in Omaha, will probably be seen often in middle west rings as referee. Barry very capably handled the bouts and very wisely stopped two fights when one more punch might have been dangerous to the boys on the catching end. Barry acted not only for the good of the men who were hopelessly beaten, but for the good of the boxing game as well.

Earl McArthur and Connie Curry, Sioux City's star bantams, put up a fine ten-round argument at Iowa City last week with Curry getting the decision at the end. Both Curry and McArthur are real tough customers and they socked away at each other for the full ten rounds bringing the crowd to its feet time and again when they would stand toe to toe and trade out punches.

Sailor Harold Liston, of Council Bluffs, has joined the stable of Billy Uvick, former Omaha middleweight and is rapidly coming to the front. Liston is but 19 years of age and likes to box. He is a good listener and since he has been under Uvick's wing has shown all the ear-marks of a coming fighter. Liston weighs in condition 145 pounds and according to Uvick will soon be ready to clash with any welter in the business. The Bluffs lad took a hard fight from Ray Carter, Sioux City welter, in his last start and will box on Omaha's next card.

Uvick is the man who trained Morrie Schlaiffer for a number of the Omaha Hebrew's important engagements and that Schlaiffer was always in fine condition speaks well for Bill's ability as a good handler.

The American Legion Drum Corps of Council Bluffs, got away to a good start in its open-air arena, when 4,000 fans packed the Muny Park for the Jack Menlo-Battling Munroe ten-round bout.

The Legion card was a good one and featured such fighters as Charlie Long, Omaha's snappy welter, Mike Rosgall, a tough customer from the South side and Sailor Liston, of the Bluffs. While Munroe and Menlo held down the headline attraction these other lads put up some nifty milling in the opening events and all in all it was a great card, chuck full of real honest to God fighting and the customers all went away satisfied and howling for more.

Ike Smith is the matchmaker for the Legion Club and boxers looking for engagements can reach him through Rainbow Post No. 2, American Legion Club Rooms.

Ace Hudkins, Nebraska's premier lightweight contender, continues on his merry way, fighting anybody any time and winning consistently. This Hudkins lad can fight and when he climbs through the ropes to do battle, the fans know that they are in for a treat, for if Ace's opponents won't stand still and fight him, the red-headed little demon starts right out after them and makes them fight. He is truly a great little battler and

Promoters, managers, and fighters requiring a real live representative in England should communicate at once with

JIM HARRIS

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if he continues in his present stride will soon be knocking at the door of some of the so-called title contenders.

The American Legion Post at Griswold, Iowa, is planning a reunion for August or September and will hold a date open for a real good boxing card on one of the three days the reunion will be in session.

The Legion plans staging three ten-round bouts and giving the fans the best talent available should pack their arena. Griswold has been running shows throughout the summer months and have drawn some very good houses.

MONTREAL BOXING NEWS
By EMELL

What a peaceful place the Mt. Royal Arena was these last couple of months, with only one boxing match to thrill the fight fans of our fair Metropolis! And there's a reason. Local promoters are getting fed up or else broke. The last show held here on July 2 was a real good show, but the gate registered less than $1,200. The promoter lost quite a few centuries. For the past six months its been the same old story for the promoters, bloomer followed bloomer, but it seems all are gluttons for punishment.

P. T. Barnum must have been thinking of the Montreal fight fans when he said, "There is a sucker born," etc. It seems they won't patronize a real, honest-to-goodness scrap between two ambitious youngsters who have proven their mettle in local and out of town rings, but will swarm like bees to honey when the bunk is handed them. Any time fights like Leo "Kid" Roy vs. Tommy Nee, Ralph McNaughton vs. "Young" Mack, or Bobby Eber vs. Sylio Mireault do not draw more than $1,200 there surely must be a fly in the ointment, and something must be done to remove it.

Where is the remedy to be found? It is a fact that Leo Roy drew quite a few houses up to $7,000, put up sensational fights and the game here was looked upon as a thriving enterprise. Prosperity, however, didn't stay with us very long before a dark cloud loomed upon the the horizon in the form of Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world.

After considerable ballyhooing, Johnson was matched to fight Homer Smith, of Kalamazoo, whose only claim to fame was the fact that he stayed the distance with Luis Firpo and out-pointed Archie Skinner, a local heavyweight.

It was a great attraction, as Johnson was attempting a come-back, and together with the novelty of a mixed bout, it drew a gate of about $10,000, and the S. R. O. sign was put out long before the first preliminary was started. The preliminary bouts were good, but the main bout was all to the mustard, and like castor oil it left a bad taste in the mouth. With probably one or two exceptions, there hasn't been a winning show to gladden the hearts of the promoters since.

The many friends of Tommy Conway, the genial promoter of this city will be pleased to learn that Tom has taken over the management of the International Pastime and Athletic Club, and is doing quite well, thank you.

Alex Moore, who promotes shows under the auspices of the Olympic Club, is negotiating with Jack Curley for the services of Georges Carpentier. Alex is trying to state a Carpentier-Jack Reddick match for the fall. This match would attract a large gate, as Reddick is the recognized middle and light heavyweight champion of Canada, and Georges is still looked upon as an idol with the French Canadians, who are in the majority in these parts. If the match goes through, it will probably take place in the new West End Arena, now under construction, the seating capacity of which will be about 15,000 for such a stellar attraction.

Other matches in the making are Ralph McNaughton, of Quebec, Eastern Canadian claimant of the bantam title, and Bobby Eber, of Hamilton, Central and Western Canada claimant. If Eber can make the weight, these boys will box for the Canadian bantamweight championship. Leo "Kid" Roy vs. Johnny Dundee is another prospective match.

This writer predicts a busy boxing season within the next few months, so any boxers with fair reps wishing to secure matches here can write to Maxie Lewis, 17 East Dorchester Street, Montreal, Canada, for information.

Ralph McNaughton, of Quebec, made his debut to Toronto fight fans recently, and made quite a hit. On that occasion Ralph opposed Howard Mayberry, of Duluth and Toronto, and although the judges disagreed and the referee decided in favor of Mayberry, a majority of the fans thought otherwise.

Raoul Godbout, manager of Leo "Kid" Roy, Canadian featherweight champion, has opened an open-air gym in the north end, where local and visiting boxers are invited to train.

NEW ENGLAND GOSSIP
By COLMAN J. NEE

The outdoor season is in full swing hereabouts. Clubs in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New Hampshire and Maine are offering the fans choice cards under a canopy of sky, which is just what the doctor ordered in this weather.

In an outdoor show staged by the Suffolk A. A., Boston's latest aspirant for the heavyweight honors, Jack Sharkey, defeated the old warhorse, Homer Smith, in a torrid battle. Smith was floored no less than six times, but by superhuman effort managed to "stay the distance." A few days later Sharkey copped a decision over Al Roberts at Providence.

World's Champion Villa met and defeated Wee Willie Woods, Scotch champion, in the feature bout of the Armory A. A., Boston, the past month, in a contest which was really nothing more than an exhibition of Woods' ability to assimilate punishment.

Johnny Harko, the Manchester Flash, defeated Louis Prince, of Nashua, in an open air show at Manchester in a fast contest. Harko's cleverness, and he has it in abundance, more than offset Prince's rugged work. Harko meets the toughest foe he has yet encountered August 22, when he opposes New England Champ Tommy Nee in an outdoor show at Manchester.

The Johnny Wilson-Jock Malone bout was one of the ring classics of the year hereabouts. Both boys' bitterness toward each other was revealed early in the contest, which was staged by the Suffolk A. A. at Braves Field, Boston. Twenty thousand rabid fans turned out to see the scrap and "scrap" it sure was.

At the sound of the gong in the first round, both boys came out fighting, and from then until the unfortunate ending in the sixth, when Malone was counted out, claiming "foul," Bostonians were treated to a slugfest, the like of which they had never witnessed in this town.

Malone's magnificent all-around boxing skill was always in evidence, and as a boxer he is without a peer, but Wilson's piledriving left uppercut to the midriff, coupled with his weight advantage, soon told on Jock. And right now let it be said once and for all that Johnny Wilson can take punishment. Time and time again Malone registered with terrific right crosses that landed flush on Wilson's button, but Johnny just closed in and drove that left in with telling effect.

In the earlier rounds, Jock complained to the referee that Wilson was hitting low and that official cautioned Johnny, but the blow that finished Malone in the sixth was fair. A terrific left uppercut to the "solar plexis" did the trick. It was an unfortunate ending to a bout that will stand out vividly in the memory of New England fans as one of the bitterest contests ever waged hereabouts.

Both boxers have their cohorts here and should they meet in this section again, Braves Field, with its capacity of 44,000, would be taxed heavily.

Pior to his bout with Frank Moody, the Englishman, the colorful Malone made this statement to Doc Almy, boxing writer of the Boston Post: "If that limey licks me I will jump into Boston Harbor." Moody won and Jock made good his promise to Doc by jumping off a bridge fifty feet high fully clothed, even to a straw hat, while thousands looked on and movie cameras clicked. Malone sure is a great showman.

Tom Goodwin, the energetic matchmaker of the Suffolk club, is angling for the services of Paul Berlenbach, the New York sensation, to meet Boston's famous Hambone Kelley. If Tom is successful, Bostonians will see a great socking match that may be decided in any round.

Tommy Nee, New England bantamweight champ, is under contract to meet two opponents to be selected by Goodwin, one of whom may be Johnny Sheppard over whom Tommy holds a decision. Nee is a great card throughout New England, and his services are always in demand. He puts his title at stake August 22, when he opposes Johnny Harko at Manchester.

Battling McCreary, Alex McLean's dusky heavyweight, who is cleaning up in this section, is down to meet Bill Tate at Detroit this month. Alex manages to keep him busy.

TORONTO NOTES
By JACK JARVIS

The season's records were smashed at the spacious Coliseum recently when Soldier Horace Jones and Jack Reddick, middle and light heavyweight champion of Canada, met for the second time to determine who is boss in the latter division. In their first meeting several weeks ago, the dual champ knocked the French-Canadian with the Welsh name for a row of daffa-down-dillies. He finished the job with a dynamic clout to the chin in the fifth round. In the second meeting Horace beat him in the eighth with a right and sent him to the tanbark with a thud where he lay for five minutes.

"One-eyed Connelly," the redoubtable "gate crasher," scored his greatest success when he busted his way into the Jones-Reddick melee, after a deep laid scheme to fool the promoter who heard that Connelly was in town and vowed that "One Eye" would not get in the show. Corcoran issued orders to all his employees to keep their "weather" eye peeled for the "crasher." At the same time he gave them a description of his dress.

It is customary for local boxing promoters to allow about a hundred of the maimed veterans of the Great War free admission to the shows, and quite a number of these for-

mer great fighters have got to be wheeled in in invalid chairs. Connelly the "duck-and-dive-in kid" heard all about this, and in some way managed to grab hold of a spare chair, in which he comfortably seated himself, after which he pulled down his cap well over his weather beaten features,leaving exposed his "blind" side. Then he hailed some of the fans who were filing in, to give a "poor fellow" a hand in, as the attendants had gone in and forgotten him.

Half a dozen willing hands, eager to give the "poor fellow" some help, half carried and half wheeled him past the turnstiles. When once wheeled well inside the building, Connelly lightly stepped from the vehicle, profusely thanked the attendants, turned round and spied the promoter and shouted: "Well, I'm in."

"Well, I'll be hanged," answered the promoter, and once again the drinks were on the Queensberry Club.

Roy Sutherland is back from his invasion in California where he met with considerable success.

Oakland Jimmy Duffy is going great in California. Just the other day he put Young Carmen, Pacific Coast lightweight champion away in one minute and sixteen seconds. Duffy is in line for many matches around the Coast.

Mack Lillard, local flyweight, who has knocked out all eight of his opponents, is looking for higher game. His manager says that in a year or so he will take Mack East for awhile and give the Eastern boys much trouble.

Fred Snell, sensational English middleweight, who has been knocking 'em stiff around this part of the domain, lost another bout through a highly strung referee. Snell lambasted the daylights out of Chief Halftown the first minute of the first round. He floored him a couple of times with socks to the jaw. Suddenly Snell shot a punch to the head and the Indian went sailing through the ropes. After scrambling back the first punch the Chief received was a shot to the stomach and apparently a legitimate one. It dropped him to the canvas again. The going was altogether too rough for Tommy Moore's redskin, who at once appealed for a foul. Referee Hays, of Hamilton, scurried from one side of the ring to the other, like a hen on hot bricks, and seemed at a loss to know what to do or say. A "wag" then yelled out, "Halftown wins!" The referee agreed and Snell was robbed of a bout he should have won on a K. O. The Chief's features assumed a cynical smile when he heard the verdict.

Fred Saltel, Jack Peppin's Western featherweight champ, smothered Al Neish and knocked him colder than one of Mrs. Buckley's "two-bit" Irish stews. Saltel looks like a good prospect. He shapes up like an early opponent for Leo Kid Roy.

George Smith and Willie Cunningham, of Buffalo, battled a good six rounds to a draw. The Razzberry Chorus was again in evidence. The "boo" boys swung into action with a gusto and thought that Willie was entitled to the award.

Offers have been received from England for Jack Reddick to trade swats with Jack Bloomfield, after the latter's fight with Tom Gibbons. The promoters figure on staging a British Empire championship match. Australia also wants to see the K. O. king in action. If Reddick makes this trip, Chris Newton and Frankie Bull will very likely accompany him.

Promoters recently offered Fred Snell a whirl at Paul Berlenbach. The inducements were not to the liking of either parties and the match is still in the air.

Chris Newton and Harry Burnstone, of England, fought a mighty good battle in Quebec. Neither boy could finish in front, although the majority of the fans called Newton the winner as he was the most aggressive of the two. This, coupled with his willingness to mix, possibly made the customers think he was entitled to the award.

Jack Reddick and Tommy Mack's tough punch absorber Joe Edwards, who has been battling around the Panama zone, featured Tommy Gorman's classy card at his "punch parlor" in Ottawa recently. After putting up a game, courageous battle, Edwards finally succumbed to a terrific righthander to the jaw in the eighth. Much credit was given Edwards for his game display. He will be a welcome contestant on any future card. Fred Snell gave away 20 pounds and a nifty lacing to Tex McEwan, but the officials considered Mac's wonderfully game rally in the last two rounds of the 10-rounder, and marked their slips "Draw."

Wee Willie Davies and Allan Holmes, Toronto's little "iron man," fought a great battle over eight rounds. The Pittsburgher easily won the award. Davies' ring generalship and cleverness won the admiration of the 3,000 fans. The Smoky City boy is destined for high honors in the pugilistic world. Only seventeen years of age, this wonderful little boy boxes with the skill and generalship of a seasoned ringster.

BALTIMORE NOTES
By JAMES RAYMOND PRICE

Joe Barrett, discoverer of Kid Williams, came back to Baltimore as a boxing promoter on August 1 when he staged a 10-round windup between his boy, Billy Gannon, and British Tommy Noble in the Folly Theatre. Noble earned the decision after a hard fought bout. Despite the fact that Billy was a southpaw, his style of milling failed to puzzle the Englishman, who won all the rounds except two. A slim crowd greeted Barrett's re-entry into Baltimore, but this was due partly to the warm weather. Joe intends staging more shows here and it is likely local fans will turn out in greater numbers in the future.

Hon Nickel has closed a deal for the Gayety Theatre and is going to discontinue the weekly boxing matches that have drawn so well there. Nickel will devote the Gayety to burlesque shows only and will have the Folly for his boxing cards. Billy McCarthy will be Hon's boxing promoter.

The premier outdoor show that was looked forward to by Baltimore bugs has failed to materialize. This was to have been a 15-round setto between Joe Dundee and Vincentini, the Chileaen lightweight, who recently knocked out Rocky Kansas. This bout, put on at Carlin's Arena, undoubtedly would have drawn the greatest crowd in local boxing history. It is said that after the South American had beaten Kansas he hunched up on his financial demands and the promoters couldn't see their way celar to giving him the bulk of the receipts.

It seems strange that Charley Holman, Baltimore's freak featherweight, can't draw larger crowds at the gate. Charley, who is tall and thin and has a style hard to fathom, wins his bouts with startling regularity, but the fans just won't patronize the main bouts in which he appears. He recently trimmed Charlie LeDoux, the French battler, with ease and seems to merit a greater reward for his services than he gets.

Kid Williams has made a plea to the Maryland Boxing Commission to help him get work in Baltimore. The promoters hint that the Kid wants too much money for his services, but he denies this and claims

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he will fight for a percentage of the gate receipts. Williams has had trouble getting matches here ever since he signed up with his present manager, Phil Lewis.

Len Mahoney, who recently went West to make a new start in the ring, returned last month and was immediately put to work by Benny Franklin in his Kenilworth Stadium. Mahoney substituted for Mickey Papner, who was unable to fulfill his contract to meet Pete Hartly, the Durable Dane. Mahoney made a wonderful showing and seems due to get more work, if he trains faithfully and takes his work seriously.

BUFFALO BOXING NOTES
By HUGH SHANNON

Tommy Ryan, the busy Buffalo-McKeesport bantamweight, engaged Bud Taylor in a great battle at Terre Haute, Ind., on August 1. Ryan went over big in Bud's home town and the bout was the best ever staged in that part of the country.

Ryan defeated Tim O'Dowd, of Atlanta, on July 28 and while the officials called his bout with Terry McHugh at Erie, Pa., a draw, Ryan was entitled to a well-earned victory. It is a sure thing that Ryan and McHugh will have it out in Buffalo soon.

Ryan and Abe Goldstein have been matched several times for New York, but Abe always evades the issue. Something will come soon that will bring around a match between this pair of gamecocks.

Charlie Murray, the hustling matchmaker of the Queensbery A. C., of Buffalo, is hot after a match between Jimmy Slattery, the Buffalo middleweight star, and Georges Carpentier, of France. Murray would like to stage this show at the Bison Stadium in August and everything points to a meeting between this pair here soon.

Buffalo fans believe Slattery can outpoint the veteran Frenchman and they will turn out en masse to see this bout. It's a foregone conclusion that the match would set a new record for attendance here. The largest house ever drawn to date was the Striblng-Slattery affair at the Broadway Auditorium last winter. This match drew $27,000.

Jimmy Slattery, Frankie Schoell, Bert Finch and others of the Buffalo boxing fraternity have been summering at Crystal Beach, on the Canadian shore. The boys are resting up for a strenuous fall and winter campaign.

Jack Oakes, the negro welterweight star, is down at Hot Springs, Ark., boiling out. He expects to return to Buffalo in September. Oakes is a good card in this city.

Another crack young welterweight, who bids fair to become a middleweight this season—and a good one, too—is Art Weygand, the former amateur champion. Last winter was practically Weygand's first as a professional, yet under the able tutelege of Vince Plunkett he has come to the top and is a fine attraction around here. Weygand met Jack Oakes, Vince Coffey, Carl Smith, Allen-

town Dundee, Chief Halftown and other good boys last season.

Jimmy Goodrich, the Buffalo junior lightweight, who is making his headquarters in New York, is boxing in the best form of his career. Goodrich, properly handled, should make a lot of money this season.

Teddy Joyce, the hard punching Canadian fighter, is going to enter the featherweight division. Joyce boxed as a bantam for the past three years, but figures he can punch harder at 126 pounds. He is a very satisfactory ringman.

Ed Tranter, the Velodrome matchmaker, announces that his club will soon be running shows in the open air. He expects to run every two weeks.

Rocky Kansas's knockout at the hands of Luis Vincentini was a distinct surprise to the friends of the rugged little Buffalo lightweight, whose concrete chin has withstood the punches of some of America's greatest fighters. Kansas claims he was not hit on the jaw at all—but back of the neck. He has no alibis to offer, but would like to box the South American scrapper again. Kansas has oftentimes reversed a decision on boxers who had previously gained decisions over him, as Lew Tendler, Willie Jackson, etc., can testify.

Kansas claims he will not quit the ring despite the fact that he is already a rich man. He expects to start boxing again in the fall.

Harry Fay, the Pittsburgh middleweight, formerly national middleweight amateur champion, is boxing in fine form as a professional. He is under the management of Charlie (Pop) Jones, the Louisville promoter, who is well known and well liked in the Middle West. Pop Jones is eager to have Fay box Jimmy Slattery, Young Stribling, Berlenbach or any of the good middles or light heavies.

Fay will probably get a shot in Buffalo soon.

Jimmie Mack has a hard puncher in his new boy, Art Wander, of Buffalo. Wander was formerly under the management of Red Carr and boxed at 124 pounds. Mack announces that Wander will box at bantamweight this season.

HOOKS AND JABS FROM CUBA
By CHARLES PUJOL

Local fans have been getting their money's worth in bouts here this summer. The "Parga & Caicoya" firm of promoters are keeping the game at top speed. They are holding shows every Saturday at the Arena Colon Club.

The Charley Pitts-Carlos Casala bout was one of the best seen here this year. Pitts knocked Casala clean over the top rope in the fifth round. The referee, Mr. Rios, waited about two minutes for Casala to come back, but he couldn't.

Charley Pitts was given another bout, with our best lightweight, Aramis Del Pino. Pitts, who is a veteran of over 150 battles, tried to use some of his tricks by using "slugs" in this bout, but the referee discovered the ruse before the fight started, and "The Australian Globe Trotter" was fined $200 by the commission.

Del Pino fought with only one hand in the twelve rounds. Del Pino was not yet fully recovered from an injury received in his right hand during his last fight with Pedro Frontela.

Pitts was given the verdict and a big hand by the fans for his clever and fast style of boxing, and Del Pino was also given a great hand for his game showing.

Del Pino has gone to New York City to rest awhile and get a little more experience in the game. All of his many friends are wishing him a successful trip.

"Parga & Caicoya" are the busiest promoters in this island. They own a sporting goods store, carrying the name of "Casa Tarin," which is situated at O'Reilly Street, No. 83. They are now arranging a bout between Eddie O'Dowd and their sterling little fighter, Antonio Valdez. This match will take place at this city August 16.

Antonio Valdez was recently beaten by the Southern featherweight champion, Artie McCann, in a twelve-round bout at Benjamin Field, Tampa, Fla. In the second round Valdez broke his right hand and had to fight with only one hand for ten rounds. In the fifth and seventh rounds he had McCann nearly out. Valdez was offered a return match by promoter Mr. Harrison.

COLORADO NOTES
By SAM BUXBAUM

Benny Chavez, Colorado featherweight, who a few years back looked like a champion and who boxed some of the best boys, is again in training and will make a comeback in the three-round game. Benny shows some of his old-time speed in the gym.

Young Jack Dempsey, youthful featherweight, who is being tutored by the veteran Benny Chavez, looks like a comer. Dempsey is the closest resemblance to the heavyweight champion seen in many a day and has yet to lose his first start in this section.

Two Mountain region boxers are now doing their stuff in and around Chicago. They are Bud Hamilton, popular fan-pleasing featherweight, who has more than held his own in the West, and Bob Hurst, Denver's coming light-heavyweight. Both boys are the kind the fans pack the arena for, as they are willing mixers.

Several other Western boys are figuring on going East for the bigger game. They are George Manley, middleweight, who has beaten some of the best; Jack Doyle, featherweight, who keeps going all the time and who has met some mighty good boys, and Lou Dennison, a comer in the lightweight division. These boys will make some of the Eastern boys step some as they are all willing and do their best at all times.

Little Jack Hefner, 105-pound boy of this region, is another good prospect for the ring game. Jack keeps improving all the time and has won most of his twelve starts handily. He is a natural fighter and only needs development.

The game is getting back on its feet in Denver and the local clubs are playing to capacity houses with most of the best talent training at the Business Men's Gym. There will be a ten-round boxing bill introduced at the next meeting of the Legislature and it looks like a cinch to pass.

Eddie Mack, high school boxer of Alamosa, is one of the most popular boys around the southern part of the state and he packs them in no matter where he starts or who his opponent is. Mack will finish school next summer and then will try his hand in the East where it is expected he will be meeting the best in a short time.

Walter Evans, Chicago wrestler, is getting quite a bit of work around the Mountain regions, both on the mat and as the third man in the ring. He is equally good in both, being one of the fastest mat men in the country and one of the best referees. He gives a square decision to all and all the boxers are satisfied when they are told that Evans will be the third man.

INDIANA AND TERRE HAUTE
By HARRY L. AIN

It seems that all Indiana has taken a keen interest in boxing during the last month. Despite the hard times caused by the closing of the mines, capacity shows have been shown in Terre Haute, Evansville, Marion, Covington, Indianapolis, East Chicago, La Fayette and Sullivan. Evansville fans have not seen a boxing match for over two years, and the show held recently there as a "try-out," brought the fans in droves. Many more shows will be put on in the future and promoters are looking for talent far and wide.

Bud Taylor did not fight Bobby Wolgast in Terre Haute on August 1 after all. It seems at the last moment Wolgast sent a wire from Philly that he hurt his hands in his recent fight with Al Markle and will not be able to perform. The fans here know better and think it was a good thing for Wolgast that he did not try to exchange punches with the Terre Haute Terror.

However, a tougher opponent was put in his place in the person of Tommy Ryan, now fighting out of Buffalo. In the last fight with Taylor that was held at Indianapolis the night before the races the boys went ten furious rounds with Taylor just getting the decision by a hair.

In the double wind-up, Eddie Dyer, of Terre Haute, met Frankie Callahan, of Columbus, and Joe Cooper, West York, Ill., met Frankie Schaffer, brother of Herbie, of Chicago, Ill. The opener showed Chuck Gary, of Terre Haute, and Young Templeton, of Sullivan.

On July 18, at a show in Evansville, Jackie Carr, of Denver, Col., fought ten rounds to a draw with Young Yanover, of Evansville. The men are lightweights and had the crowd to its feet. The semi-final saw Jimmy Leonard perform with Jackie Sauders, of Dayton, for eight rounds to a draw. Both fights were out of the ordinary and the fans are clamoring to have these boys rematched.

Though Jackie Barnhardt has been on the wrong side of the ledger in his recent fights, he is a big favorite with the fans in Indianapolis. Recently he fought an uphill battle with Jimmy Dalton, of Indianapolis, but his aggressiveness and boring in steadily brought him rounds of cheers from the Capitol City fans.

The biggest card of the month was held by the soldiers at the Fort Harrison Post in Indianapolis July 29 when K. O. Jeakle, of Toledo, bowed to the clever Eddie Dyer, of Terre Haute. Jeakle was a big favorite and the "wise ones" figured that Dyer was due for a neat lacing. It looked that way in the first two rounds, but when Eddie got started the fireworks started. Dyer rocked Jeakle with left hooks that made the Toledo boy wish he was back home. All through the last eight rounds scarcely a fan sat down. Eddie won the decision by a wide margin, and Jeakle was pretty lucky to escape a K. O.

Sidney Glick scored a quick K. O. over Bud Anderson in the fourth stanza. Glick is fast becoming one of the lightweight stars of the Middle West.

In another six-round bout Jimmy McDermott shaded Maxie Epstein, of Indianapolis, after a tough argument. The writer happens to know that Epstein, who sells papers, gets up at two in the morning to hustle the early editions and then enters the ring the same evening. One can't do that and get away with it.

However, credit must not be taken away from Jimmy McDermott, of Terre Haute, who, although only six months in the professional ranks, is making rapid strides.

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Rube Rohdes, colored bantam who once ught Danny Edwards for the championship nd $1.50, is back in the ring. He won his st eight fights. He has made his home in larion, Ind.

Leo Julius, of St. Louis, was barred by the erre Haute Boxing Commission from keep- g his engagement here with Joe Cooper ecause he did not go through with his pre- ous match with Cooper months ago.

Bud Taylor has leased a private gymnasium Terre Haute, but has invited all visiting ghters besides local aspirants to train there their hearts' content without charging a nu.

Terre Haute's massive stadium is nearing mpletion. It will seat 20,000 fans. The merican Legion is planning a monster box- g show to be held there Labor Day with aylor as one of the performers. Classy pponents will be sought and it looks like will be a gala boxing carnival. Promoters nterested will please write to H. L. Ain, 230 Vabash Avenue, Terre Haute, Ind.

NEW JERSEY BOXING NEWS
By LEW DIAMOND

Ray Neuman, Jersey City's leading con- nder for the light heavyweight crown, de- ated Leo Gates, the Mohawk Indian, in a x-round bout at the Polo Grounds on the unney-Carpentier card, although out- eighed by 15 pounds. Neuman dropped ates for the count of two in the first round.

Jackie Feldman, the Gammontown ba'er, fter an absence of three months, returned the fistic circle and gave Dodo Jackson boxing lesson a few weeks ago. Jackie early outpointed his man. Jackie is train- ing daily and hopes to show his followers that he is not yet through.

Young Phil, hard hitting Hoboken light- weight, has been out of the game owing to lack of opponents. Phil has been coming along at a rapid stride. He won his last six starts, four of these by the knockout route.

Matty De Santis, the promising flyweight from Newark, N. J., has started in active training. He would like nothing better than to get a crack at Midget Richie or Pete Mahoney. These boys have been dodging De Santis for some time. Santis thinks he can knock out either.

Jabber O'Neil, of Passaic, N. J., has been coming along nicely of late. He is causing lots of trouble among the flyweights. O'Neil outpointed Andy Tomalsky, of Pittsburgh, in the star bout of 12 rounds in Harrison, N. J., recently. O'Neil puffed Tomalsky's ear up in the third round that handicapped Tomal- sky throughout the bout. They both received a big ovation when they left the ring.

Little Bill Kennedy, the New Orleans ban- tamweight, has made quite a hit with the Jersey fans. Bill has been showing in great form at the Jersey clubs. Bill recently de- feated Steve Smith at the Oakland A. A. He will be seen in action shortly with Mickey Walters, the West Hoboken flyweight.

Joey Ross, the Hoboken flash in the fly- weight ranks, is striving hard to fill the shoes of little Johnny Buff, once flyweight champion. Ross is fast developing into a top-notcher. Ross displayed plenty of class in defeating Sammy Bienfeld recently.

Dodo Jackson, the little black demon from Jersey, has decided to hang the mitts up for good. Dodo has quite a following among the fistic fans. Dodo complains that he can- not make enough money from the game and has decided to go to work in some other occupation where he can earn a living. The fans will miss Dodo as he is the most popular fighter in Jersey.

Harry Martone, Jersey City's leading con- tender for the welterweight crown, K. O.'d Joe Jackson, from Philadelphia, in the first round of a twelve-round affair in Passaic, N. J., and also won from K. O. Phil Kaplan in the fifth round on a foul at the West New York Playgrounds recently.

FROM KANSAS
By JAY J. THOMAS

The outstanding figure in boxing circles in this vicinity for the past six months has been Battling Kid Dugan, a 17-year-old mighty midget, who started in the game in the spring of 1923 and has engaged in 45 bouts since, losing the first as an amateur over the decision route. Since then he has been held to a draw on eight occasions and won the rest, 20 by K. O., the others by decisions.

The battler entered the ranks of the fly- weights weighing 102 pounds, but in spite of the handicap battled successfully against boys up to featherweights and by the time he had reached the 110 pounds he was almost with- out opposition. Under the teaching of the veteran Harvey Thorp, Dugan has gained an astounding amount of knowledge of the game. He has spent many hours a day in the gym under the watchful eye of the crafty Thorp and is pronounced by many as the greatest little warrior for his weight ever turned out in the Middle West.

The aggressive style of the Kid has made a sure-fire audience pleaser. He is a second Terry McGovern on a smaller scale and punches like a lightweight. When the gong clangs the Battler starts and continues until the festivities come to a close. Using a va- riety of punches a champion would be proud to possess—left hook, right cross, left upper- cut to the body, and other intricate blows, the Battler gives promise of soon passing into the contender class.

Another youngster who is creating a mild sensation is Ray Schiffer, a 19-year-old entry. His height is 6 ft. 6 in. and weighs 210 pounds. He has an 86-inch reach. George Clark, veteran boxer and wrestler, picked Ray up in a small town in Illinois last summer while on a carnival, liked his looks and carried him along until the season closed, then brought him to Kansas City, placed him in the gym for a six months' educational pe- riod, and when the big boy started in to exchanging whams he run up a K. O. record as long as an income tax blank. Ray pitches like Walter Johnson and receives like Ray Schalk. He started the bugs buzzing in the gym when he began knocking the boys as cold as a mile of ice with big gloves, then a wild scramble started to get him slipped the sleep soup, but as yet Ray has failed to join the resin sniffers union.

The Eagles Club will open again this month after a highly successful season last year of the four-round game, but will try out the ten- rounders this time. No card has been ar- ranged as yet for the opening number, but it will doubtless be some local favorite against out-of-town talent.

RESULTS OF BOXING BOUTS

(*Continued from page 28*)

—Oakland A. A., San Francisco, Calif.:
Ray Pelkey beat Red Uhlan, four unds.
Larry Murphy beat Willie O'Brien, ur rounds.
Jack Burns and Johnny Farr, four und draw.
Sailor Smith beat Racehorse Roberts, ur rounds.
Billy Wallace beat Billy Young, four unds.
Vic Morrison and Joe Kelly, four und draw.
Rudy Sandino stopped Al Robert- n, one round.
Cliff Ramies knocked out Mike ollins, two rounds.
—San Jose, Calif.:
Young Roberts knocked out Battling ane, one round.
Tim Vahey beat Stanley Willis, four unds.
Johnny O'Connor beat Solly Kronich, ur rounds.
—San Pedro, Calif.:
Larry Murphy drew with Hank estine, four rounds.
Hank Gatton knocked out Bill anner.

AUGUST

—Waterloo, Iowa:
Earl Blue knocked out Mart Moore, n rounds.
—Los Angeles, Calif.:
Bob Sage drew with Mickey Rockson, ur rounds.

1—Tracy, Minn.:
Johnny Schauer drew with Bill Brown, ten rounds.
1—Grand Rapids, Mich.:
Young Bob Fitzsimmons beat Soldier King, ten rounds.
1—Bakersfield:
Tommy Castro knocked out Battling Kiko, two rounds.
4—Oakland A. A., New Jersey:
Rocky Smith and Jack McVey, no contest.
Tommy Gardner beat Young Skinner, eight rounds.
4—Philadelphia:
Jack Zivic beat Ray Mitchell, ten rounds.
Nate Goldman beat Sid Barbarian, ten rounds.
Joe Dundee drew with Joe Tiplitz, ten rounds.
Eddie Kid Wagner beat Pal Moran, ten rounds.
4—Allentown, Pa.:
Battling Siki stopped Dixie Kid, three rounds.
Andy Kit Ketchell beat Pierre Nikolas, eight rounds.
4—Louisville, Ky.:
Joe Paglina knocked out Frankie Garcia, seven rounds.
4—Laurel A. C., Newark:
Phil Krug beat Barthelmy Molinero, twelve rounds.
Jack Green beat Vic Clifford, four rounds.
Young Al Delmont beat Young Dia- mond, eight rounds.
Ernie Tedesco beat Johnnie O'Don- nel, six rounds.
5—Henderson's Bowl, Brooklyn:
Frankie Genaro beat Irish Johnny Curtin, twelve rounds.
Mike Ballerino beat Allentown Johnny Leonard, twelve rounds.
Jimmy Amato knocked out Frank Luby, three rounds.
Marty Sullivan knocked out Danny Frisco, two rounds.
6—Sea Girt, N. J.:
Joe Ross knocked out Terry Mc- Mahon, three rounds.
7—102nd Medical Regiment Armory:
Al Biddle beat Joe Marino, eight rounds.
Mickey Black beat Kid Labra, eight rounds.
Sammy Singleton beat Ted Zegwarrd, eight rounds.
Harry Brandon beat Chick Mayo, eight rounds.
Ray Donohue stopped Mike De Ville, four rounds.
8—Steeplechase A. A., Rockaway:
Sid Terris wins on foul from Jimmy Mars, seven rounds.
Harry Felix beat Red McDonald, eight rounds.
Billy Marlowe stopped Abe Green- field, two rounds.
Fred Locke beat Tommy Irwin, six rounds.
Milton Cohen knocked out Allen Fraleigh, two rounds.
8—Long Branch, N. J.:
Spark Plug Russel beat Nick Mer- cer, ten rounds.
8—Englewood, N. J.:
Harry Gordon beat Sonny Smith, ten rounds.
8—Newport, R. I.:
Chick Suggs beat Frankie Murray, ten rounds.
8—Paterson, N. J.:
Ray Neuman and Lee Anderson, twelve round draw.
Young Roscoe loses on foul to Willie Walker, seven rounds.
9—Commonwealth Sporting Club Brook- lyn:
Tony Vaccarelli defeated Joe Scappa- tone, ten rounds.
Al Brown knocked out George Mc- Nally, four rounds.
Johnny Gardner knocked out Arthur Marvin, seven rounds.
Al Diamond drew with Kid Fly, six rounds.
9—Ridgewood Sporting Club, Brooklyn:
Chief Halbran defeated K. O. Jaffe, ten rounds.
Sergeant Sammy Baker defeated Willie Shaw, six rounds.
Irving Goldberg knocked out Young Angelo, five rounds.
Sid Burt defeated Jimmy Gleason, six rounds.
Benny Tell drew with Bobby Green, six rounds.
Charley Morris defeated Abe Rosof- sky, four rounds.

A CORRECTION

On May 30 Bud Taylor defeated Tommy Ryan in Indianapolis. This result was reversed in the August is- sue of THE RING.

PUGILISTIC RHYTHM

THE ULTIMATE ANALYSIS

By Grantland Rice
In New York Herald-Tribune.

THEY may rant and rave and rumble
In the pugilistic jumble,
On a blend of fancy footwork, or of speed;
On the pug who's quick and shifty
Or insidiously nifty
With the sidestep at the moment of its need;
They may slip him all that's coming
With the boost-implanted strumming,
But I'd rather dip my kelly from the roof,
In the hip-hip and the bowing—
In the scraping and kow-towing—
To the bloke who packs a kick in either hoof.

They may boom the ringing praises
Of the bear cats and the daisies
Who are artists of the shift and counter punch;
They may play up the elastic
And the subtle-toed fantastic
From the brawlers who are cornered for a hunch;
He may be there with the parry—
With the counter light and airy,
But I'd rather, howsoever they may spoof,
Shoot my bank roll on its journey
Out the trail of any tourney
With the bloke who packs a kick in either hoof.

THE KID'S FIRST FIGHT

(A ring ballad)

By Gabe Caffrey.

I'LL never forget the amateur night
when the kid spread the news he was going to fight;
We had some gloves and were sparring around; the kid had the "fever" and seemed to be bound
To enter the ring against all that I'd say
—so I just decided to give him his way.

We were so green that we never knew the most simple tricks that the prize fighters do.
But we went ahead and hastened that night to the hall where the fellows were doing to fight.
Fools do the rush act, it often is said, to places where angels would not deign to tread.
And we were the chumps that were doing the same as I and the kid went and gave them his name.

He called me his second and manager too.
I saw them all winking and suddenly knew
That something was rotten in Denmark that night. I felt it was murder instead of a fight.

The fellow in charge, a big strappin' sap,
paired off the boys for the way they would scrap.
The kid got a scare that opened his eyes when he noticed his foeman was double his size.
But gamely he stood like a noble galoot and donned his regalia, a red swimming suit
And waited in line quite downhearted and vexed, when a burley voice bellowed, "You go on there next."

A New Department

Beginning with the next issue of THE RING, a new department will be featured. Many letters are received each month from RING readers requesting answers to boxing queries. Instead of mailing these answers to the individual senders, a page will be devoted to Questions and Answers in each issue.

Tell us your difficulties. We will solve them for you.

Address all communications to The Ring, Inc., 91 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Write plainly and on one side of the paper only.

Make your queries as short as possible and to the point.

I'll never forget how he entered the ring.
He looked at the throng and forgot everything.
The kid was as pallid as if he was dead and sat in his corner, fast staring ahead
There was no mid-ring pre-arrangement of rules. I guess that the "reff" thought is useless with fools.
'Twas, "Smith to my left and O'Brien to my right," and then to the boys, "Come ye buckos and fight."

I saw that the kid had a job on his mitts.
His foeman leaped forward to tear him to bits.
He slammed my young fellow all over the place until the kid's father would not know his face.
The fight went four rounds and after that four, I know that the kid would have dropped in one more.
He crawled through the ropes like a man in despair and stopped at the ringside and fell in a chair.

After he rested a bit he arose and went to his locker and put on his clothes.
He said, "Well, I'm tired; I'll go home and sleep." Now, I'll bet a fortune he slept sound and deep.
Along towards the evening I met him next day, but nary a word of the fight did he say.
His face was all patched up with court-plaster white. I felt down-right sorry—for he was a SIGHT.
He spoke to me slowly, and these were his words, "My hobby from now on is studying birds."

THE RINGSIDE THRILL

By Bob Vanstone

THERE are some that thrill—be they well or ill,
When the umpire calls "Play Ball";
And some insist that they can't resist
The lure of the billiard hall;
And some arise with flashing eyes
And eager vibrant soul,
When out of the rally and last desperate sally
There flashes the winning goal.

But to me there's a thrill in every frill
That's a part of the boxing game,
From reading the dope on the latest hope
To mourning his short lived fame;
And the welcome night when they stage a fight
Means the dawn of an hour sublime;
And my pulse beats fast when I hear at last
The gong sound the call of Time.

Oh, some exult in the gay tumult
Of a glorious Derby Day;
And some recline with rod and line
And angle their hours away;
And the golfer thinks that his sun-kissed links
Are an earthly Paradise,
While to some the sport of the tennis court
Is Life's essential spice.

But give me the treat of a ringside seat
Under the arc light's glare,
And the thrilling sight of a willing fight
Fought by a well matched pair.
Let Creation move from its customed groove;
Let the walls of Heaven give 'way;
But call me not from that pristine spot
'Til the gong ends the hectic fray.

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